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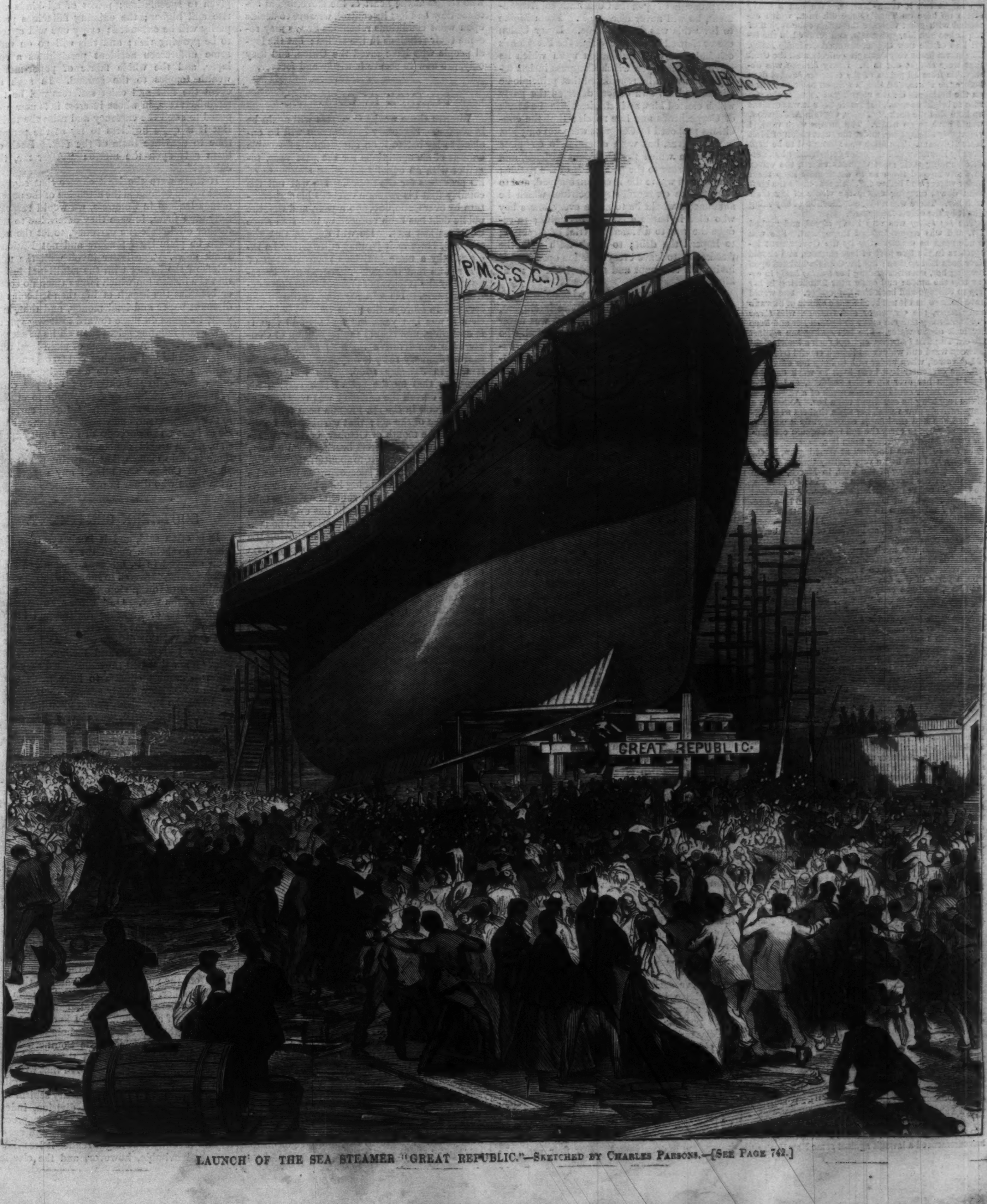


LAUNCH OF THE SEA STEAMER "GREAT REPUBLIC."—Sketched by Charles Parsons.—[See Page 742.]

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

"DON'T SPEAK TO THE MAN AT THE WHEEL."

ALBANY, NEW YORK, 6 MILES BELOW TROY.

Dear Harper's Weekly:

I hasten to give you a piece of important Marine Intelligence—in fact, from the *bluish* look things have, we might call it Ultra-Marine. We had a heavy storm up here on Tuesday the 6th inst., which extended with great violence throughout the region of the Lakes and Massachusetts, and resulted in the total loss of the new Copper-fastened Craft *My Policy*. The storm had a very damaging effect on all the Craft that were caught out in it. Heavy *blowing* was observable from all points of the compass several days before the storm, and clouds seemed to be gathering on the horizon. On the morning of Tuesday the sun rose as bright as usual, but before noon it was evident up here that the bark *My Policy*, Captain A. JOHNSON, would have to go under. The *pumps* were worked vigorously all day long, under the supervision of First Mate RANDALL. The bilge was attempted to be kept clear by HOFFMAN and the other deck-hands; but, notwithstanding their most vigorous efforts, the waves so overwhelmed them as to continually keep them under water; and before 6 o'clock that night the craft went down, carrying nearly the whole of her crew with her. There was no Wreck-Election of any thing like it by the oldest Inhabitant.

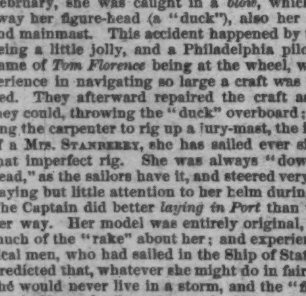
The *My Policy* was very badly *rigged*, and ranked I 1, and was *copper-fastened* throughout. She was condemned as unseaworthy by the Government inspectors in the fore part of last summer, and should have been laid up then; but her Captain insisted upon running her, notwithstanding her *leaking badly* in every trip she made; and came near foundering in her trip to Chicago and back last September. She would have done so had it not been for the efforts of SEWARD and GRANT, the Carpenter and Gunner, who *threw overboard every thing* in order to lighten her and keep her leak above water. She last spring ran against the old Tug *Thad Stevens*, and got such a knock right between wind and water that it took careful *trimming* of the vessel, when under sail, to keep her afloat; in fact, the carpenter had been kept to work day and night upon her ever since the accident, and he believed she never could be made much of a vessel with all the repairing he could put upon her. Although a comparatively new vessel, her main timbers were rotten, and she had *weak knees*, consequently it was impossible for her to carry the sail the Captain continually insisted upon crowding upon her.

The *My Policy* was launched at Washington, D. C., last April, and has had a very stormy time of it ever since. At the laying of the keel, in March, '65, the Secretary of the Navy was not invited to be present, the Captain not remembering his name. An incident that happened at her launching seemed to be a forerunner of misfortune to the craft. As they were knocking away the scaffolding around her Freedman's Bill was killed outright, and several of his co-laborers were severely wounded.

The Captain has made several *trips*, but none of them have proved *profitable* to him; besides the accidents referred to, when on a little pleasure excursion with a party of the Captain's friends on the 22d of February, she was caught in a *blow*, which carried away her figure-head (a "duck"), also her fore-stay and mainmast. This accident happened by the party being a little jolly, and a Philadelphia pilot by the name of *Tom Florence* being at the wheel, whose experience in navigating so large a craft was very limited. They afterward repaired the craft as well as they could, throwing the "duck" overboard; and getting the carpenter to rig up a jury-mast, the invention of a Mr. STANBERRY, she has sailed ever since with that imperfect rig. She was always "down by the head," as the sailors have it, and steered very "wide," paying but little attention to her helm during a blow. The Captain did better *laying in Port* than when under way. Her model was entirely original, with too much of the "rake" about her; and experienced nautical men, who had sailed in the Ship of State, always predicted that, whatever she might do in fair weather, she would never live in a storm, and the "first Tuesday in November" storm was looked for by many as resulting in the total wreck of the craft, unless the Captain would discharge his crew and dismantle the ship. Perhaps no craft that was ever built was ever run by any man against such overwhelming testimony as to its utter unworthiness. And although *well provisioned*, and manned by picked men, and experienced ones, such as RANDALL, first-mate; SEWARD, carpenter; STANBERRY, rigger; RAYMOND, sail-maker; WELLES, captain of the fore-top, and others before the mast, she went down in spite of the best management, from the sole cause that she was rotten and unworthy.

The *underwriters*, I understand, had *not made out her policy* at the time she went down; consequently she is a total loss, which falls mostly upon the Captain, who was her principal owner.

Below I give a view of



THE PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE "MY-POLICY,"

which I sketched from nature.

YOUR OWN "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

P.S.—I hear that Mr. CHARLES READE, the author, has commenced a lawsuit against some New York editors who have spoken of his late work in no complimentary terms. Some say the suit is to advertise his books, but my opinion is that if he shows a "Good Fight" he will not only get rid of a large edition of of his "Griffith Gaunt" but also of his "Very Hard Cash." This may account for the "milk in the cocoanut." Speaking of milk, no more from your own

C. O. W.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1866.

☞ In this Number of the *Weekly* the publication of Miss BRADDON'S new novel of "BIRDS OF PREY" is begun. The author of "Lady Audley's Secret" is one of the most popular of living writers, and there is no question that this story will fully maintain her popularity. It is a tale of English life of to-day, beginning briskly in London, and very soon suggestive of some of the darker mysteries of the great metropolis; and we advise our readers to begin with the beginning.

THE POPULAR WILL.

IF the President is still of the opinion which Mr. BROWNING reports, that the people have not pronounced upon the Constitutional Amendment, he will never discover it. From Maine to Iowa this was the one issue. Every Union orator showed by the record that the President's original theory of restoration upon which he acted was that upon which Congress insists today; that when he repudiated that principle he stigmatized his own action, deserted the party which elected him, and left himself in the hands of Copperheads and late rebels; that the conditions proposed by Congress were not only just in themselves, but were essential to complete those upon which the President insisted, and were necessary to the good faith of the nation; that to stop where the President stopped, and to approve the extraordinary doctrines which he announced, would be to make every brave boy who died in battle a fool for his pains; to reduce the war to a ridiculous trial of strength; to imperil the debt; to break faith with the freedmen; to leave every question open, and to invite self-contempt and the derision of mankind.

This was the ground upon which the Union campaign was fought, and a more intelligent, sober, and vigorous political contest was never known. The result justifies the faith of all who sincerely believe in popular government, because it is precisely upon such points of practical political wisdom that confusion of the public mind is to be expected. The Union line dresses itself unbroken from the Penobscot to the Mississippi. Congress is fully sustained, and the President's policy has been solemnly rebuked.

We confess that our delight in the result is not partisan triumph; for the Union party is not so much a party as it is the great body of the loyal and intelligent people acting together to plant the Union upon the corner-stone of justice, which is the only sure and permanent foundation of national peace. The result reveals us to ourselves. It shows that the people have the patience, the tenacity, the insight, and the quiet courage which are essential to the wise consideration of the condition of the country. Those who are inclined to consider the people of the country at large like the mob of a city, and to suppose that, like a mob, they can be driven hither and thither by vehement leaders—that they must necessarily be hasty and impatient and rash, and plunge wildly in a great crisis like a rudderless ship in the trough of the sea—forget entirely that the antecedents and the conditions of this country make us different from any other historical nation.

Such an expectation might, indeed, be verified in the city of New York, where the population is largely composed of the most ignorant foreigners, played upon by the vilest demagogues. But the population of the country at large is of British descent; its traditions are of local self-government; its temperament is not Celtic; our extent of territory permits easy expansion and ready support; the school and the church divide the days between them; so general an intelligence, so long a habit of popular self-restraint, were never known; and while these conditions remain the United States will constantly disappoint the expectations based upon the study of human nature under other circumstances. If the city of New York were a type or fair representative of the country, there is no civilized government that would not be preferable to the vice and ignorance in power which our government would present. Had the people of the American Colonies in 1776 been like those of this city in 1866 they would never have declared their independence; they would have kissed the foot of England, and would never have imagined a popular government possible or desirable. So long as the sturdy, independent, and intelligent spirit of the old Colonies is paramount in the Union it is safe. Should that spirit be extinguished the Union, as the defense of liberty, would disappear.

It is precisely that spirit which has prevailed in the late elections. The last shot of the war was fired more than a year and a half ago. The military prostration of the rebellion was immediate and universal. For four years the national mind had been strained steadily to the single purpose of maintaining the Government and the Union. Men of various party antecedents had united in that work, and the sudden, clean end of the war, without raveling out into guerrilla fighting, seemed to announce an equally sudden dissolution of the War party. A reaction was expected the consequences of which might be disastrous to the country. The reaction, indeed, was confidently counted upon, and greatly explains the President's course.

Now, had the War party been merely such the reaction would inevitably have followed. With relaxed muscles the warriors would have idly watched the politicians reversing the victory. But the so-called Union party was and is really the people who intelligently waged the war, and with equal intelligence will settle its results. They have bought national security at a great price, and they know it. They will therefore secure it. The elections are the plain advertisement of that intention. They say distinctly that it is not a President whose warmest adherents are those whose hands are still red with loyal blood; it is not a party which excused and fostered rebellion; it is not those who struck at the heart of the Government because they had lost its control, who are to decide upon what conditions rebellious States may resume their relations in the Union; but the loyal people who have saved the Union, and they only, are now to secure it wisely and forever.

FINANCE IN CONGRESS.

WITHIN three weeks Congress will again be in session. Secretary M'CULLOCH will be enabled to lay before it an uncommonly favorable exhibit of his operations for the past year, together with an equally flattering statement of his prospects for the future. He will tell the country that his revenue exceeds his expenditure by over $200,000,000 a year, and that the public debt has been reduced by that sum since Congress last met. He will explain that the revenue, large as it is, may still further be increased by a more judicious redistribution of taxes, and that the public burdens may be reduced by the removal of onerous but unproductive imports. He will say that owing to the late war in Europe the price of gold is higher than it was last year, but he may add that it is declining, and should the legislation of Congress be conservative there is some prospect that by January 1867 it may be no higher than it was in January 1866. He will remind Congress that by the act of last session his power to curtail the currency was restricted to $10,000,000 in the six months next following the passage of the act; that curtailment he effected in the month of October, besides reducing the volume of interest bearing legal tender, by purchase and funding, to about $145,000,000. He will say that he is succeeding as well as he could expect in exchanging long bonds for Seven-Thirty notes, and that should no change take place in the money market, he has every reason to believe that the entire first series will be converted on or before maturity, thus relieving the Government from its obligation to pay them off in currency. He will reiterate his argument of last year in favor of a substantial reduction of the currency: but experience will probably have taught him, on the one hand, that no large curtailment can safely be attempted until the Seven-Thirty notes are out of the way; and, on the other, that it is not particularly useful to recommend contraction to the party which is led by THADDEUS STEVENS and JOHN SHERMAN.

For, whatever the Secretary may urge, and whatever sound conservative men may hope, it is pretty well understood that the manufacturers' party in Congress will at this session not only persist in their opposition to all measures leading to an early resumption of specie payments, but will renew their demand for a further issue of National Bank currency. They very nearly succeeded at last session in passing an Act authorizing an increase of the National Currency from $300,000,000 to $400,000,000. At that time the total amount issued was only $200,000,000. By next month the total amount authorized by law will have been issued. They will now point to the active demand for money at the financial centres of the West, and to the want of capital at the South, and will demand of Congress a fresh issue of National Bank notes at least equal in amount to the volume of interest-bearing and plain legal tenders which is likely to be canceled during the year. They will insist on this with the more confidence as the result of the late elections—which have turned on issues quite distinct from questions of finance—has demonstrated that the people are on their side.

It is thus at least premature to speculate on the probable tendency of the financial legislation of the next Congress. Were the great question of reconstruction out of the way it is pretty certain that the first wish of the people would be to bring down prices to a reasonable standard, and to secure a readjustment of our systems of taxation, direct and indirect. But for the present financial theories are overborne by political necessities, and the men who, in the opinion of the loyal North, are right on the subject of reconstruction are suffered to have their own way on the subjects of currency and taxation, upon which an overwhelming majority of the people believe them to be wrong. They are the more readily permitted to persevere in an erroneous policy from the fact that, notwithstanding the severity with which taxation and high prices press upon the people, all classes are for the present unusually prosperous. Owing to the vast amount of money afloat, and the unparalleled bank expansion, business of all kinds thrives, the demand for and reward of labor are good, and, notwithstanding that prices are actually on the average higher than they were when gold was 280, and it was a question whether the currency would ever be redeemed, nobody seems to suffer, or at least nobody complains aloud. In no single constituency in the North, at the recent elections, were the high prices made a leading issue.

Should the dominant party in Congress, relying upon this public apathy, persevere at the coming session in the policy ennunciated by its leaders last year and authorize further issues of irredeemable paper-money, the consequences will be obvious. A further impetus will be given to speculation; prices of all kinds will rise still higher; the existing fallacious prosperity will be extended; every one will appear to be growing rich; and this will go on until some unforeseen accident precipitates a collapse, and the whole fabric of paper-money wealth topples to the ground. In such an event the first and chief sufferers will be the manufacturers, in whose interest it is now proposed to swell the currency and raise the tariff. But it is quite hopeless to try at the present time to convince them of the fact. Each of them acts upon the motto: "After me, the deluge!"

If there were the least chance that suggestions would command the attention of the paper-money leaders in Congress, we would respectfully urge them, in case they determine to still further adulterate the currency, to let the new issue be plain legal tenders and not National Bank notes. The latter involve all the mischiefs of the former with the additional injury that the institution which issues them no sooner breathes the breath of life than it begins to discount paper and lend money, and that, in a year, its loans do more toward fostering speculation and inflating prices than all its irredeemable currency. A new issue of plain legal tenders would be bad enough. But $100,000,000 of them would merely be an adulteration of our currency to the extent of 12½ per cent. Whereas an addition of $100,000,000 of National Bank notes would adulterate our currency to the same extent, and would constitute a basis for at least $150,000,000 of new bank expansion, which would double the mischief. But there is little chance that the triumphant majority of Congress will heed any suggestions from those who differ in opinion.

SOUTHERN SENTIMENT.

IT is often said, and it is always true, that when the rebellion ended the people who had been engaged in it, however unchanged their secret feeling, expected to submit to terms which would secure to the victorious loyal people the results of the war. Only those who have had opportunities of knowing the internal history of the South at that time are aware how entire and universal this feeling was. And it was a perfectly just and natural feeling. The late rebels knew that had they succeeded they were quite in earnest enough to have made terms which would have amply secured their success. And had the President, acting upon the principle which he declared, that all civil government was at an end in those States and could not be safely reorganized by rebels alone, have summoned Conventions of all loyal people and of all who had been rebels, under such conditions as Congress might have chosen to impose, even to the insertion of impartial suffrage in the new Constitutions, there would have been exactly the same acquiescence as there was in what was done; and the men who knew that by the letter of the law their lives were forfeit and their property confiscate, would have congratulated themselves that their fate was no worse.

This feeling continued even after the appointment of Provisional Governors, because the President was very careful to call all that he did experimental. On the 24th of June, 1865, he said to the South Carolina delegation that, "as the Executive, he could only take the initiatory steps to enable them to do the things which it was incumbent upon them to perform." But from the moment that he said, on the 11th of September, 1865, to a delegation from various Southern States, "But, gentlemen, if I know myself as I think I do, I know that I am of the Southern people," the whole tone of the "acquiescing" people in the Southern States changed. They recognized their shibboleth, and they were not deceived. All that wise men in the loyal States could do was to strengthen public opinion without unnecessary schism with the President; to expect a division, indeed, and to be ready for it, but to make it proceed from him, and to watch every thing and use every opportunity that might render it less likely. It was inevitable, however, and the elections

show how entirely the President has mistaken and misrepresented the loyal people.

When the quarrel between the President and Congress was notorious, the public sentiment of the late rebel section became positive and active. But when the President lifted the most notorious rebels, like Humphreys and Monroe, into the highest offices, and refused official positions to known Union men, that sentiment became defiant, culminating at last in the New Orleans massacre. And now the Southern mind is morbid. Its chief and favored orators and newspapers are those that were most conspicuous in rebellion. It asserts the rights of "the South." It accuses "the North" of violating its own terms offered to "the South" as the conditions of surrender. Its hostility to Union men of every color is such that the presence of United States troops is absolutely essential to their safety. It regarded the August Philadelphia Convention as the sign of its returning national ascendency. It prayed and believed that the President, with the Copperheads, would carry the elections. It anticipated some action of Congress which would cause it to be dispersed by the President, and then ardently expected to be summoned to the field and to revenge upon "the North" the sufferings and the humiliation of the late defeated rebellion.

This is the present state of the public sentiment at the South which eighteen months ago would have accepted impartial suffrage. How indefinitely such a condition delays and perplexes the restoration of the Union every man can see; and for this situation the President is responsible. Let us hope that when the late rebel population sees that the President stands alone, that he has really carried no more to the Democratic party than the *World* declared, and that the loyal people of the country stand just as united and firm in peace as they did in war, they will gradually understand that a vast political and social revolution has taken place in this country.

But this is a truth which they can never understand so long as their only knowledge of the situation and feeling of the country is derived from such papers as the New York *Daily News*, and *Day Book*, and other Copperhead journals. If, by some happy chance—which often, we are glad to know, occurs—our own paper should fall into the hands of some one at the South who thinks that the President is ready to lead a war of revenge against "the North," we beg him to understand and to tell his neighbors that the Democratic party with the President have been disastrously defeated in every Northern State, and that the defeat means exactly what that of M'Clellan meant in 1864. To truly loyal and intelligent papers at the South, discussing freely and fairly every question, we look for the beginning of the overthrow of the ignorance which is the most fatal foe of the South, and which is most sedulously fostered by such journals as we have named. Little will be really done at the South toward true pacification until perfect freedom of speech is not only protected but invited.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

The people of this State have decided to hold a Convention to revise the Constitution. There are many good reasons for such a course, and we know of no good reason against it. There are two points especially of general interest, and perfectly understood by every citizen, which require change, while there are, of course, many more which the experience of twenty years will wisely adjust. The two of which we speak are the inequality of suffrage based upon color and the tenure of the Judiciary.

The present Constitution provides that every male citizen of twenty-one years shall be a voter who has been a citizen for ten days, who has been for one year next preceding the election an inhabitant of the State, and for the last four months a resident of the county in which he offers to vote. But if he chance to be a "man of color" he must have lived three years in the State, and for the year before the election must have had an unencumbered freehold estate of two hundred and fifty dollars, upon which he must have paid a tax; nor shall he be directly taxed unless he has such an estate.

This is nothing but the most stupid and ridiculous prejudice gravely enacted into law. The practical result is, that the most worthless, drunken, ignorant, idle foreigner who can not speak the language, and has no idea whatever of the principle and spirit of the Government, upon due naturalization may vote upon terms infinitely more favorable than are accorded to intelligent, industrious, thrifty, and useful native Americans. It is an enormity so preposterous that we do not believe there can be any serious opposition in the Convention to an absolutely impartial system of suffrage in the State. But forewarned is forearmed. Let all the friends of justice and public honor take care that there shall be no such opposition by sending delegates to the Convention who understand the first principles of popular government.

Experience has shown that the purity of the Courts is best preserved by making them independent of party and temporary considerations. Let the Judges be appointed as the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States are, upon the nomination of the Executive, and with the consent of the Senate.

The gravest question which will engage the Convention is doubtless that of equal qualified suffrage. Now that the immediate perils of the influence of slavery have passed, the dangers with which we are threatened from the vast corruption of our politics will require careful and courageous attention. Whether these can be wisely reached by any restriction of the suffrage is by no means clear, but the point will be fully argued. There is undoubtedly a large party in this State, as in the country, which is doubtful of the advantage of universal suffrage, and which would qualify it in a way that would not exclude any considerable number of the people, while it would encourage and enforce the education which is essential to good government. But while there are risks and perils in every method, the simplest way is the safest way. If a man is born with rights it is hard to show that he is not born also to the equal use of every means which are necessary to protect those rights.

Now that the Constitutional Convention is to be called there ought to be a general discussion and consideration of all these vital and fundamental questions, in which every citizen is profoundly interested, but which are by no means familiar to the public mind.

NEW YORK STATE AND NEW YORK CITY.

The result of the election in New York shows more plainly than ever that our politics are a struggle between the city and the State. The sole hope of the Democratic party was to accumulate such a majority in the city—by such means as are familiar—as to overcome the vote of the rest of the State. In 1862 Horatio Seymour was elected Governor by the 30,000 majority he received in the city over the 20,000 majority which General Wadsworth had in the State.

There are 60 counties in the State; of these Mr. Hoffman, the Democratic candidate, carried 14. But outside of the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and the adjacent counties of Queens, Richmond, and Westchester, his majority in the counties he carried was scarcely 5000 in all. His majority in the city was more than 47,000; in Brooklyn more than 9000; in Queens, Richmond, and Westchester, about 3000. He had the sympathy and influence of the Administration; he had an unprecedented profusion of money, given in the fond conviction of success; he had the zealous liquor interest; he had the large vote of the foreigners who have been holding back during the war lest they should be drafted; he had the "Conservative Republican" alliance of Mr. Thurlow Weed, whatever that may mean; the fullest possible force of the whole Democratic Ring, which controls city affairs, was put into operation; the majority around the bay was carried up to 60,000, fully 10,000 more than two years ago; and yet Mr. Fenton's whole majority was immensely increased.

If the Democratic vote were analyzed what would appear? This, among other things. There are about 250,000 Irish in the city of New York. About 35,000 of them may be voters. Of these nine-tenths are profoundly ignorant. Add 15,000 votes more for the criminal and vicious, which is the estimate of "A Veteran Observer," the peculiarly competent statistician and correspondent of the New York *Times*, and you have 50,000 votes. It is fair to assume that nine-tenths of the Irish or ignorant vote, and the whole of the other or vicious vote, are cast for the Democratic party. Its city vote this year was about 80,500. And this is the character of a very large part of the "Conservative" vote which elects Mr. Fernando Wood, and Mr. Winthrop Chanler, and Mr. John Morrissey, and Mr. James Brooks to Congress. Those who engineer these votes by means known to all men are distinctively "Conservatives." The result of such a majority could it overbear the vote of the State is hailed as a "Conservative" triumph; and the men elected to Congress by a vote so composed would gladly strike hands with Mayor Monroe and call themselves the "Conservative" members! "What's your name, you drunken vagabond?" cried the watchman to Sheridan lying besotted in the London gutter. "My n-n-name?" thickly answered Sheridan, "w-w-why, it's William Wilberforce."

TENNYSON AND GOVERNOR EYRE.

Alfred Tennyson has sent a subscription to the Eyre Defense fund. If this meant only that he wishes to secure a fair trial for a man charged with an atrocious crime no one would be surprised. But as there is no question that Governor Eyre would have a fair trial, the act of Tennyson must be interpreted as a sign of sympathy with his conduct. It seems simply incredible that any one who has read the Report of the Commission sent out from England to examine into the facts of the case should be able to come to any other conclusion than that Eyre's conduct was that of a coward or a brute. The Commission treat the whole matter as lightly as they can. But even they do not pretend to deny that there was unnecessary severity. That Carlyle and Ruskin, who sympathized with the bloody attempt of Slavery to overthrow our Government, should think it perfectly right that unresisting people should be shot down at random by a fierce soldiery, and women be whipped with wires for supposed complicity in a supposed plot, is not surprising; but that Tennyson should enroll himself in such a melancholy band is something which will cause the deepest sorrow to thousands of generous hearts who have believed that his sympathy was sure for the most unfortunate race in history.

INFLUENCE OF CHANGES OF TEMPERATURE ON HEALTH.

It is a very common idea that exposures to marked changes of temperature, especially from heat to cold, are of course injurious. It is therefore enjoined upon the bather, who has become heated in going to his bathing-place, to get cooled off before he plunges into the water, either by remaining at rest for a while, or by a partial application of water at the outset. So, also, Dr. Rush directed, in order to avoid the evil effects of drinking cold water when the body is greatly heated, that the vessel of water should be grasped in both hands, and held for some time that the extreme heat may pass off gradually, and thus prevent the shock from the strong impression of cold upon the stomach and through that upon the system. But all this does not agree with certain practices in bathing current in some quarters. The Russians, for example, go directly from their hot baths, and plunge at once into cold water, or even roll in snow. Neither does it agree with the fact stated by Sir Charles Blagden and others in regard to their famous experiments on the capacity of the system to bear great heat. They remained for some time naked in a room heated to even 50° above the boiling point of water, and experienced no evil consequences in the transition from this to a room of the ordinary temperature, although they sometimes delayed putting on their clothing for several minutes. In this connection may be mentioned the fact, that often in cases of disease when there is high fever, the skin being very hot, cold water is freely applied, sometimes even dashed on, not only with safety, but with decided relief to the sensations and benefit to the case. And Captain Scoresby says that in the Arctic regions he has often gone from the breakfast-room, where the temperature was 50° or 60° to the mast-head, where it was only 10°, with no addition to his clothing but a cap, and yet "never received any injury, and seldom much inconvenience, from the [illegible] transition."

Yet we know that sometimes cold applied to a system that has been subjected to a high temperature produces disastrous results. Laborers who have been working a long time in the heat have sometimes even lost their lives on drinking freely of cold water. Life was once lost on a large scale from this cause. The army of Alexander the Great on coming to the River Oxus, after a march across a scorching desert, experienced a greater loss than in any one of their battles.

We can find an explanation of the apparent contradiction of the facts that we have given in the principles of the production and maintenance of animal heat. There is a continual generation of heat in the body by certain processes which we will not stop now to notice, and under all circumstances of external temperature it is maintained quite uniformly at about 98°. It is essential to comfort that the body give off heat to the air around it, and that, too, to a considerable amount. For observe, that when the body is at rest a temperature of 65° is the most comfortable to us—that is, the heat generated in the system is with this temperature of the air given off to a sufficient degree to secure a comfortable sensation of heat. That the body parts with a great deal of heat in this case is obvious from the difference between the air's temperature and the regular animal heat, amounting to 33°. We know how uncomfortable we are when the thermometer stands at 98°. Here the air and the body being at the same point there can be no heat taken from the body by the air. But there is a constant generation of heat in the system. How, then, is it prevented from being put into a high fever by a use of the animal heat far above 98°? Simply by the free perspiration that occurs, this absorbing, or rendering latent (as it is expressed) a great amount of heat in changing from water into vapor. It was this process that was the safeguard of Sir Charles Blagden and his friends when they were in an atmosphere hotter than boiling water. On the other hand, if the temperature of the air be lower than 65° either clothing must be sufficiently applied to prevent the heat from passing off too much, or exercise must excite a greater production of animal heat, or the two expedients may be united. And observe here that the readiness with which heat is produced, and therefore the depressing impression of cold resisted, must depend much on the vigor of the system.

It is this last point that furnishes the key to the explanation of the evil results of the sudden impression of cold. If there be vigor—the power to react—the impression will do no harm. In all cases where harm is done there is one cause which is not usually taken into the account, and yet it is the grand cause of the result. It is the exhaustion of the vital powers by prolonged exertion. The laborer who dies from drinking cold water has not merely been heated, but has been worn down by laboring hour after hour under the oppression and suffering of the heat, and he is in such a condition that cold water, either poured into the stomach or dashed upon the skin, must produce only a depressing effect; and it may be one to which the exhausted powers will succumb. The army of Alexander were exhausted by a continuous march of 46 miles over the scorching sands of a desert when it came to the River Oxus. If the soldiers had had a march of but an hour or two, however heated they might be, the drinking and bathing would have destroyed none of them.

It is not in these cases the transition from high heat to cold that causes the result. Indeed, let the heat be cooled off, the skin becoming cool and perspiring instead of being very hot, and the result will come even more readily, for the letting down of the heat induces a state of depression in place of an active condition, and the system is not as able to react and stand up against the impression of cold. For this reason the bather, heated by his walk, had better go at once into the water. So one coming out of a heated place of public resort should avoid getting cool before going out into the cold air; and should at once proceed home, washing briskly in order to increase the generation of heat in the system, or if he rides home he should be wrapped up very thoroughly. Many a delicate female receives vital injury from the impression of cold in riding home from the ball or party with too little clothing; but let it be remembered that the chief injury is in fact inflicted by the exhaustion occasioned by keeping such late hours in the midst of a whirl of unnatural excitement. The cold only enhances evil already done. Even if due care be exercised in guarding against the cold the dissipation nevertheless inflicts its injury upon the vital powers and sows the seeds of disease.

We have a good example of the power of vigorous action in withstanding the depressing influence of cold, when the sportsman or traveler who has chanced to get wet through manages to keep up a proper generation of heat in the body by exercise until he reaches home, where dry clothing and warm air render the exercise no longer necessary.

NEW ARCTIC DISCOVERIES.

In addition to the encouraging reports previously communicated to us as to the probable success of Mr. C. F. Hall's Arctic Expedition in search of the remains of Sir John Franklin, we have more recent intelligence of a still more hopeful character. A part of the crew of the American whaler *Antelope*, lost on Niantelik Island, October 6, have just arrived at St. Johns, New Brunswick. The officers of the *Antelope* report that Mr. Hall has found a gold watch, some silver spoons, and other relics which must, in all probability, have belonged to the men of Franklin's expedition. Mr. Hall had also learned that the remains of some of Franklin's men were lying under a boat in Committee Bay. The natives would not permit Mr. Hall to go on to examine them, but as several vessels will winter in Repulse Bay, it is believed he will secure assistance and push his way to where the remains are situated.

Harper & Brothers have just issued a new edition of Mr. Hall's "Arctic Researches"—the best book ever published in relation to the Arctic region, and made doubly interesting by the prospect of the author's ultimate success.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ELECTIONS.

On the 6th instant elections were held in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas, Maryland, and Delaware. In all of these States except Maryland and Delaware the result was an overwhelming majority for the Republican party. Although in New York city there was a Democratic majority of over 46,000, the Republican majority for the whole State was over 15,000. In Illinois the Republican majority probably amounts to about 60,000, in Iowa 40,000, in Michigan 28,000, in Wisconsin 25,000, in Minnesota 10,000, and in Kansas 20,000. Taking all the States in which elections have been held, the Republican majority amounts to over 350,000. In Massachusetts the Republican majority was nearly 70,000.

NEWS ITEMS.

Governor Ward, of New Jersey, has appointed Hon. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen United States Senator, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. William Wright. Mr. Frelinghuysen has filled the office of Attorney-General of the State for the last six years.

The trial of the celebrated "Jumel will case" has resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff—Madame Jumel being declared to be of unsound mind when the will was executed. The executors did not contest the suit, and it is understood that a compromise was effected before the trial came on, by which Nelson Chase, the party who contests the will, agreed to pay the several bequests named in the will, the defendants relinquishing their claim to their respective shares of the residuary estate.

Governor Jenkins, of Georgia, in his Message to the Legislature of that State (assembled November 1), takes decided ground against the Constitutional Amendment. Alexander H. Stephens has taken similar ground.

We illustrated in a recent number the jawbone of a mastodon found at Cohoes, New York. Other parts of this animal have more recently been discovered. The result of the entire discovery thus far is given in the following item: The laborers at work in the "big hole" under the Harmony Mills, Cohoes, have found bones of an animal at a distance of eighty feet below the surface. They consist of the two tusks, the back-bone, the upper jaw and cranium, a number of the ribs, the hip-bone, shoulder-blades, and bones of the rear limbs. The two tusks are nearly six feet long, and about ten inches in diameter. The ribs, of which there were fourteen found, are about four feet long, the largest being about four feet nine inches. The upper jawbone is four feet nine inches long from the extremity of the mouth to the cranium, and across the forehead measures about three feet.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

November 7:

(St. Petersburg.)—It is reported that the Emperor of Austria has resolved to appoint a Hungarian Ministry.

(London.)—It is stated that the insurrection in Candia has ended.

(Venice.)—The King of Italy entered this city at 11 a.m. The Patriarch of Venice received him at the Church of St. Mark, where a *Te Deum* was sung. His reception in the city was magnificent. There was great joy, and the crowd was so immense that the troops were unable to defile before the King.

(Paris.)—The ships to bring back the French troops from Mexico are ready. Maximilian, the *Moniteur* says, will remain in Mexico.

November 11:

(Paris.)—News has been received in official quarters that an insurrection has broken out at Barcelona against the Narvaez Government.

AN INDICTMENT.

Low-brow'd Woman, that stole my Love!
  Fairer than I—less true;
You fooled him first with your wily tongue
  And your eyes' deceitful blue.

You looked in his, till you made him swear
  His first love was all a dream;
While you let him toy with your yellow hair,
  And bask in your smile's false gleam.

Welladay for your eyes so bright!
  Weeping has made mine dim:
You would smile on, though he lay in his grave—
  I could have died for him.

ANNEXATION OF NASSAU TO PRUSSIA.

The ceremony of proclaiming the annexation of the Duchy of Nassau to the Kingdom of Prussia was performed on Monday, October 8, in the Schiller-Platz, at Wiesbaden. The place has received that name since the Schiller centenary festival of November, 1860, when a linden-tree was planted there, with patriotic speeches and songs, to commemorate the birthday of the German poet. The Government offices occupy the buildings on one side of the square. Here, as shown in our illustration, a tribune was erected, covered with black and white cloth, for the ceremony of the annexation; it was surmounted by the flags of Prussia and Nassau, with the Prussian eagle. The soldiers of the Thirty-sixth Regiment formed a hollow square, in the centre of which the magistrates, the clergy, the schoolmasters, and other official persons were ranged before the tribune. The Landrath von Diest took his stand beneath the Prussian eagle and read the King's proclamation, after which the royal standard was hoisted on the roof of the Government offices, and saluted by the firing of 101 guns, and by strains of military music. A grand parade of the troops afterward took place in the Wilhelmi-Strasse.

MUSCAT, ARABIA.

We have received, from a correspondent on board the United States steamer *Shenandoah*, a very interesting account of the conflict between the Imaum and his uncle, at Muscat, in September last, accompanied by a sketch of the city, which we have reproduced on page 741. The *Shenandoah* entered the Arabian Sea September 11, and the Gulf of Oman (on the western shore of which Muscat is situated) on the 14th, anchoring the next day in the Cove of Muscat. Captain J. R. Goldsborough, commanding the vessel, was cordially received at the palace of the Imaum on the day after his arrival, and the usual courtesies were interchanged.

Muscat lies south of the Cove, in a hollow, under cliffs from 400 to 500 feet in height, debarred even from a view of the sea by the surrounding high rocks. Its wealth and importance are much greater than its appearance would indicate. The streets of the city are very narrow, so that a few palm leaves laid across between the eaves of the houses above completely screen them from the sun. We print the following narrative of our correspondent in full:

"A short time ago Silem, the present Sultan—or Imaum, as he styles himself—succeeded to the throne by the death of his father. His uncle, whose name is Turquie, was at the time ruling a province on the shores of the Persian Gulf, and Silem, fearing that he might lay claim to the throne, sent a message to him that 'the Sultan desired his presence in Muscat,' which Turquie obeyed promptly, under the impression that the command came from his brother. He had scarcely arrived in the city when he was seized and imprisoned in Fort Jillali, by Silem's order. Fortunately for his head he was released by the interference of the English, and carried to Busheir, in Persia. The English had originated a report that Silem succeeded to power by murdering his father, and on this plea they refused to recognize him as Sultan. Silem indignantly denies the atrocious charge, and persists in the story that his father died in an apoplectic fit, which story is confirmed by his people, who are sincerely attached to him. He certainly has been indulgent and mild in his government, remitting heavy taxation where it fell upon the poor, and otherwise endeavoring to improve the condition of his subjects.

"Lately the English have, to all appearances, consented to believe his statements, for, on the 14th of September, the Civil Commissioner, Colonel Pelly, who was at Muscat in the steamer *Bernese*, of the Bombay marine, saluted the Sultan's flag, thereby recognizing him, and relieving his mind of the fear that the English would attempt to dethrone him in favor of his uncle. Colonel Pelly sailed from Muscat on the night of the 15th, the day of our arrival. The English had previous to this released his uncle from surveillance, and told him that he might go where he pleased; whereupon he immediately set to work to collect his adherents, and made sail in an armed dow for Muscat, with about 200 followers, arriving at the sea-face of Fort Jillali on the night of the 16th September.

"He landed, surprised the garrison, which was only six men, and made himself master of the best fortification in the vicinity. The Governor of the fort and his six soldiers were imprisoned, and the impression on shore was that he treacherously yielded, as, otherwise, the fort could not have been taken in the manner it was, without the discharge of a single musket. Claiming to be Sultan, Turquie hoisted the flag of Muscat (a plain, rectilinear, red flag), over each turret of Jillali, and opened his fire on the palace at daylight of the 17th, to the surprise and consternation of the entire city. Neither Turquie nor the Sultan have any guns of a heavier calibre than 24-pounders, and in Fort Jillali some of these are not even mounted; but the rebels have the advantage in having nearly all the powder, the Sultan having been foolish enough to store the principal part of his ammunition in Jillali, and leave it scarcely guarded.

"During the first excitement caused by the knowledge that the rebels were commanding the city, the Sultan sent his son on board this vessel for protection, but he left us again during the forenoon, after the feeling of insecurity had partially subsided. It did not appear to us that the Arabs were very vigorous in their measures to protect themselves.

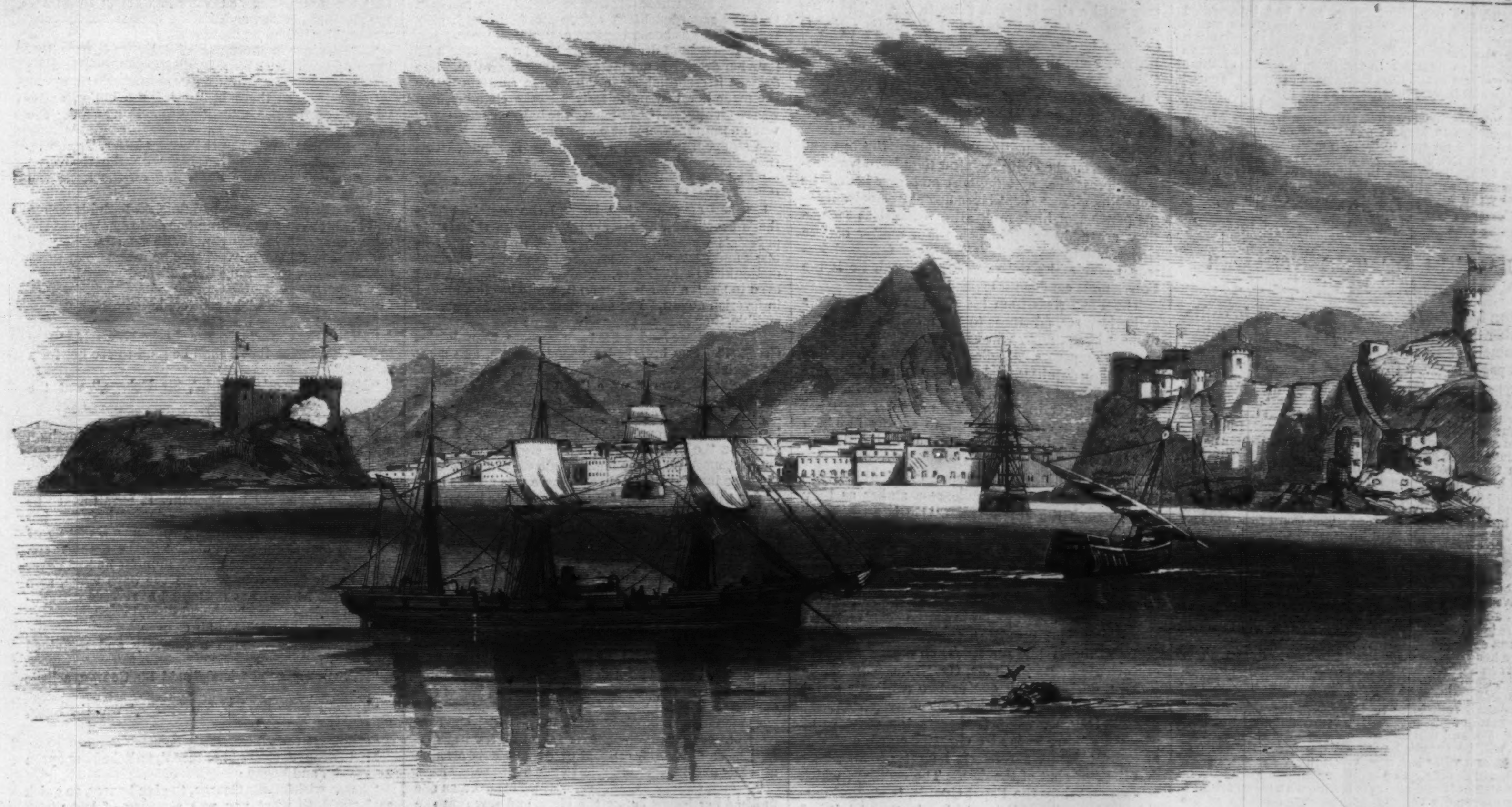
"The Sultan sent his messengers in every direction to collect his soldiers and followers, and planted a battery in an open square in the city (hidden in my sketch by the point on which Fort Merani stands), with which he opened on the rebel fort with an accurate aim.

"Fort Merani also opened fire; and there were four vessels of war in the harbor wearing the Sultan's flag (three sloops and one brig), which might have brought their broadsides to bear on Jillali, but which lay as idle as ourselves. The Sultan sent his interpreter, Ali ben Abdallah ben Calfour (who, by-the-way, was educated in Salem, Massachusetts), to request that we would open fire on Jillali and knock it down, which modest request our Captain declined to accede to.

"The *Shenandoah* had been largely visited by the

AN INDICTMENT—"Low-brow'd Woman, that stole my Love!"

COLLECTING THE REMAINS OF UNION SOLDIERS FOR RE-INTERMENT IN NATIONAL CEMETERIES.—[Photographed by A. Gardner, Washington, D. C.]



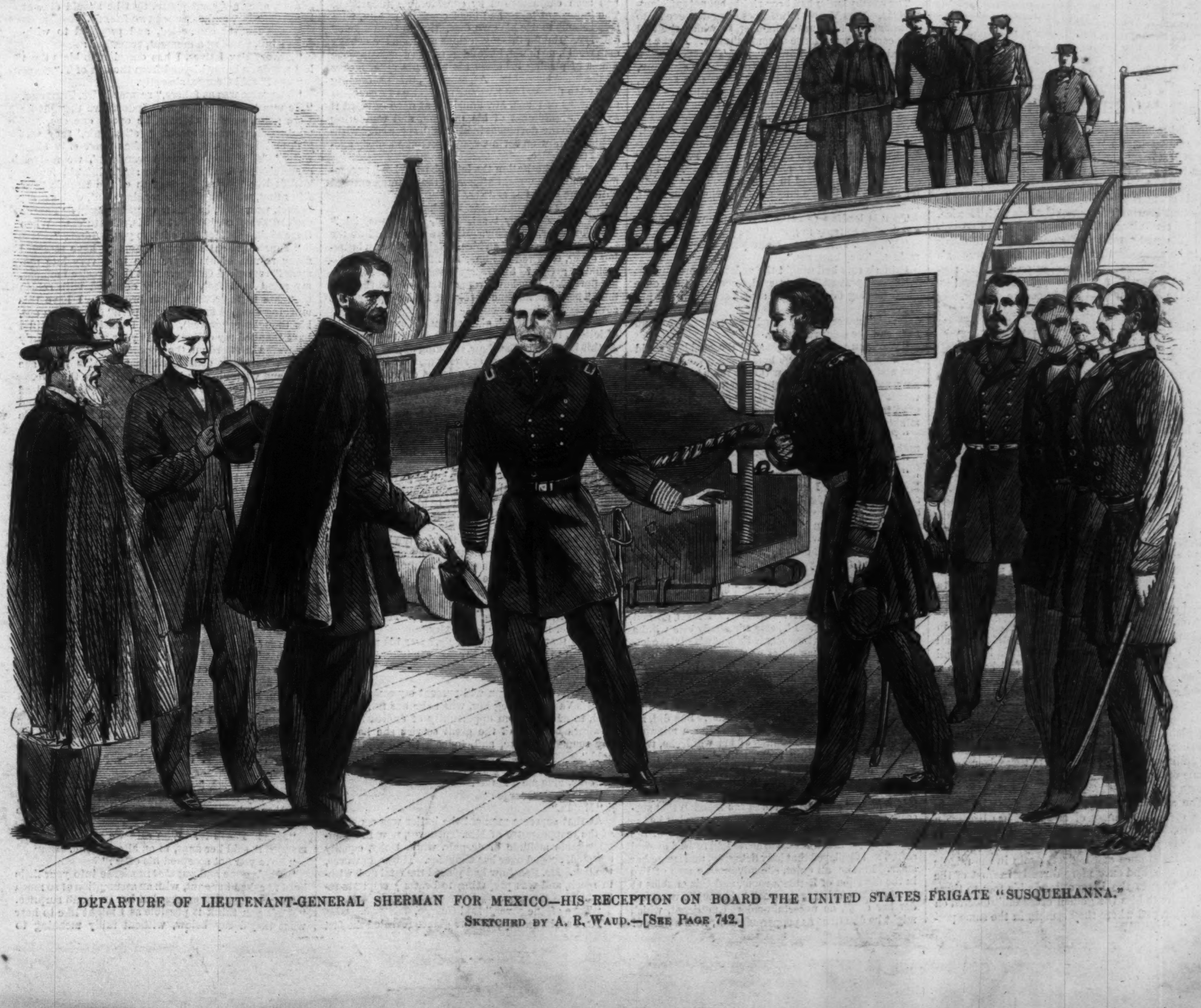
MUSCAT, ARABIA.

Arab population on the 15th and 16th, and they had been in raptures over our 11-inch guns. Upon our declining to demolish the fort the Sultan sent us another request that we would be his dispatch-boat to the Persian Gulf; but that also was politely declined. By this time quite a force was collected around the standard of the Sultan, and for a while both Fort Merani and the battery kept up a brisk fire on Jillali, nearly every shot telling on the soft material of which the fort is built; and the fire was returned by Turquie; but an Arab is constitutionally opposed to any thing like energy, and by noon the firing slackened to an occasional gun. I don't blame them for a lack of energy with the thermometer at 103° in the shade; but if Turquie chose he could destroy the entire city, and it behooved them to work energetically.

"All the fortifications around Muscat are ancient, and more or less out of repair, having been built by the Portuguese when they held possession of the country. They are constructed of small stones (like cobbles) and mortar, and in some places the material is so soft that it is by no means difficult to break off large cakes of it with the hands alone. Of the whole, only Jillali and Merani are of any real value, and they would not stand many shells from an 11-inch gun. Sireh Gharbi is almost a complete ruin. The effect of the 24-pound shot was seen by us distinctly from our anchorage (about half a mile distant). The ball displaced more or less of the material and caused a cloud of dust, but did not penetrate. The Sultan has a good gunner, and his attention has been directed to one spot in the fort, with an eye to breaching it, that they may take it by assault. The Arab is, generally speaking, a good shot with the rifle, and if the fight could be brought to a hand-to-hand conflict, where bullets and knives were the principal weapons, it would soon be decided who should occupy the throne; but they do not understand the use of ordnance as well. During the night a brisk musketry fire was kept up, at intervals, between Jillali and the adjacent hills, but no ordnance was used.

"The next day (18th) the Sultan planted a section of a battery—two pieces—behind a barricade of bags of dates, in front of the Custom-house, which did very good execution. He also sent one of his sloops, mounting fourteen guns, and a dow, mounting two, to the rear of Jillali to cut off communication and supplies from the fort, and capture the dow in which Turquie came, and which was lying at anchor under the protection of the guns of the fort. He sent Ali, the interpreter, to us with a third request, that we would sell him some powder—again declined. He has sent to the hill-tribes, of which the Bedouin tribe is the largest and most powerful, to secure their services; but he is unwilling to have them come until he is reduced to a strait, for although the Bedouins are kindly disposed toward him, they are so inordinately fond of plunder that they would, after seating him on the throne and presenting to him the head of his opponent, overrun the city and rob every body in it. They plunder indiscriminately both friends and foes. There are too many rich sheiks and merchants in Muscat to make a call for the Bedouin popular.

"It was evident to us that the Sultan could not un-



DEPARTURE OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SHERMAN FOR MEXICO—HIS RECEPTION ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "SUSQUEHANNA."

Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 742.]

derstand our non-interference, and had interpreted the Captain's expressions of friendship (those meaningless phrases uttered in all such official visits) in the sense of an *active* friendship. The English are always so prompt to interfere in the private affairs of these petty nations in the East that our neutrality appeared strange and incomprehensible in his eyes. We would have been only too glad to have assisted him, but the Captain's hands were tied, and there were no American interests in Muscat to warrant our interference. All we could do was to carry a mail for him to Bombay, which we did, getting under way on the evening of the 18th. The casualties up to the time of our leaving were uncertain, but, by every report, small. In the city the killed amounted to twelve, and in Jillali the report is, 'Nobody hurt.'"

LAUNCH OF THE STEAMER "GREAT REPUBLIC."

THE following description of the launch, on November 8, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's mammoth steamer *Great Republic*, illustrated on our first page, is given in the New York *Herald:*

"The large and magnificent steamship *Great Republic* was successfully launched yesterday morning from the ship-yard of HENRY STEERS, situated at Greenpoint. About two thousand persons were present, including quite a large concourse of ladies, many of whom availed themselves of the opportunity and were launched with the vessel. Shortly before ten o'clock the last keel block was knocked from under the steamer, and, settling down upon the smooth and slippery ways, she glided majestically into the water amidst the shouts and huzzas of the spectators. The *Great Republic* was built for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and is to run between San Francisco, California, and the commercial cities of China and Japan. Another steamer, the exact counterpart of the *Great Republic*, is at present building in this city at the ship-yard of WILLIAM H. WEBB, and is already far advanced toward completion, and is to be placed upon the same line.

"It is expected that the *Great Republic* will be ready for sea early in the spring, when it is contemplated to place her without delay upon the line to run regularly between San Francisco, Kanagawa, Japan, and Hong Kong, China, about the first of next year; the round voyage, from the time of leaving the port of San Francisco until returning to the same, occupying about two months. The vessel is constructed of the best materials, and will be in every respect a superior vessel; will be supplied with all the modern improvements, and will have cost, when ready for sea, over a million of dollars. She is divided into four water-tight compartments and strongly braced with iron bars running diagonally throughout the entire length of the vessel. The *Great Republic* is the largest wooden merchant steamship ever built in the United States, and probably in the world. Her dimensions are as follows: Length between perpendiculars at load line, 360 feet; breadth moulded, 50 feet; breadth extreme, including outer planking, 50 feet; depth of hold to top of spar deck beams, amidships, 31 feet 6 inches. She has three full decks and an orlop deck at each end, extending to boiler and engine bulkheads; also a platform in lower hold to receive cargo and coal. The floors are entirely of white oak and the sides pitch pine.

"The machinery is building at the Novelty Iron Works, and will be of the following dimensions: A beam engine of 105 inches diameter of cylinder and 12 feet stroke of piston, to be fitted with balanced poppet valves and ALLAN's adjustable cut-off. A surface condenser with compressed wood packings for the tube joints and supplied with condensing water by an independent rotary pump, driven by a pair of inverted direct acting engines placed between air pumps and cranks. The feed pumps will be arranged so that each will have its own suction pipe from tank and discharge pipe to boilers. The horizontal tubular boilers will be placed forward of the engine, fore and aft the ship, and uptakes connecting into one smoke-pipe. The steam pumps, with donkey boiler complete, will be fitted with all the necessary valves and connections."

GENERAL SHERMAN'S MISSION.

ON Saturday afternoon, at half past three o'clock, Lieutenant-General W. T. SHERMAN and the Hon. LEWIS D. CAMPBELL, Minister to Mexico, embarked on board the United States steam-frigate *Susquehanna*, bound for Mexico.

This event is of great interest, and will have an important bearing upon our relations with Mexico. What the result will be we leave for time to develop. We understand that our Mexican relations are to be a prominent topic in President JOHNSON's next Message. Our illustration on page 741 represents the reception of the Lieutenant-General on board the *Susquehanna* by Commodore ALDEN.

PRIVATE LIFE OF PIUS THE NINTH.

THE solution of the Italian question is so closely connected with the life of the present Pope that the general interest in every thing concerning him is greatly increased. The private life of no prince can be more simple, regular, and unostentatious than that of Pius the Ninth. He rises at the peep of day, often in winter while it is yet dark; and at seven o'clock, after he has gone through a portion of his breviary, repairs to the small chapel adjoining his bedchamber, in order to read mass. When this service is finished he breakfasts, during which meal he causes the papers of the day to be read to him, or converses with Cardinal Merode, who is always about his person. Soon after this Cardinal Antonelli, who inhabits a part of the upper rooms of the Vatican, makes his appearance, in order to bring in his reports concerning the affairs of the internal government or of foreign politics. At eleven o'clock commence the audiences. The Pope, in his long linen vestment, betakes himself to a small saloon, at the extreme end of which is a small throne, covered by a canopy and furnished with a velvet arm-chair, richly trimmed with gold, and raised a foot above the floor. Near this chair, in which he seats himself, is a writing-table, covered with memorials and petitions from every quarter of the globe, awaiting the Papal decision. During the short pauses which take place between the single audiences he puts his name to these documents, as one of the Cardinals present make their contents known to him.

The affability of the Popes at these levées, in spite of the strictness of etiquette, has become a proverb. Pius the Ninth possesses it in a high degree. Persons are admitted singly, or by twos and threes, kneel once at the door, again in the middle of the room, and once more directly in front of the throne, whence the Pope extends his foot to those who desire to kiss the golden cross embroidered on his slipper, and where they remain in the same posture until a sign is given them to rise. The laity are immediately released, and the Pope addresses some kind words to each in his native tongue, Italian, French, or Spanish, as the case may be. Germans and the English, however, must have an interpreter, as he is unacquainted with either of those languages. The lower orders of the clergy are suffered to kneel for some minutes, and oftentimes have no sign given to them. Bishops and cardinals, on the contrary, after they have performed the prescribed genuflexions, and have kissed the Pope's hand, seat themselves upon low stools. Single persons of high rank always kneel as soon as they are addressed; but this is a matter of free choice, and by no means obligatory. Cardinal Merode never omits the practice, although he is the Pope's most confidential friend.

The Pope rises from his seat to receive princes and princesses, advances to the middle of the room to meet kings, and as far as the ante-room in order to greet emperors. Ladies less distinguished than these high dignities, and their maids of honor, are not permitted to enter the Vatican, but receive their audience either in the garden or in an adjoining gallery. They are expected to appear in black garments and black veils, without distinction of rank or age.

It is interesting to hear the expressions of those who have just left the audience-chamber as they pass through the ante-room. "He is an angel!" cry his enthusiastic adherents. And even the opponents of his political system say: "What an amiable man! St. Peter's chair has never held a Pope possessed of such attractive qualities as Pius the Ninth." The levée ended, he partakes of a simple dinner, which presents a strong contrast with the extravagant luxury so prevalent at the papal tables of the Middle Ages. Then comes, as in every private house in Rome, the siesta, followed by a drive, during which one or two cardinals strive to amuse his Holiness with their conversation—no difficult task, as, when free from the pressure of political affairs, he is of a cheerful mood, and listens with pleasure and hearty laughter to anecdotes and the chit-chat of the day. The carriage, which is surrounded by the Papal Guards, is stopped outside of the walls of Rome, either in the vicinity of the Pyramid of Cestius, Monte Pincio, or the Colosseum, the Pope and cardinals leave it for a short walk, and then drive back to Rome, where a frugal supper awaits them. The day is closed with a game of billiards, which is varied by unrestrained and cheerful conversation until ten o'clock, at which hour every light is extinguished in the Vatican.

A MERE SCRATCH.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VI.

THE worthy butler had been right; but not sufficiently right. Miss Vann's faintishness had deepened into a swoon, and her aunt's chamber, to which she had been carried, was a scene of some anxiety. As she regained consciousness, however, Mrs. Turnover gradually cleared the apartment of all extraneous company, and the consequence was that Esther's first accents, on recovering her faculties, were heard by her aunt alone. Scarcely had the bright eyes reopened, when they were filled with a wild alarm.

"Is—is he—aunt, tell me—is he *safe?*" she gasped.

"Yes—yes, dear—safe enough," Mrs. Turnover hastened to reply. "Keep quiet, I hear Mr. Fanshaw—" She went to the door and called softly. Mr. Fanshaw's voice was heard in faint response. "Is master bit? That brute's fangs ain't touched him at all, *have* they?"

To this leading question Mr. Fanshaw was fortunately able to reply in good faith:

"No, Mrs. Turnover. Make yourself quite heasy, ma'am. They have *not*."

Esther's ears had caught the welcome word.

"God be praised!" she uttered, fervently; then, once more turning deadly white, sank back upon the pillow.

Mrs. Turnover administered new restoratives, and soon saw the color returning.

"Well, you *are* a one, I must say," the good lady could not help remarking. "So bold when there was danger, and such a coward now there's none! But, there now, never mind, lie you still for half an hour—and—then— Mercy, girl, what's *this?*" added Mrs. Turnover, turning almost as pale as her patient had done a minute before.

"*That?*" cried Esther, laughing. "My dear aunt, nothing. A mere scratch."

"Not from the dog?"

"*Dog!* No—no—no, dear. Calm yourself," said Esther, hastily. "I was plucking a rose. Sir George addressed me suddenly, and I got a scratch—that's all."

"Lor, what a turn it giv' me!" said her aunt, sitting down on the bed, with her hand on her portly side. "No wonder, for there's all the mark of the beast's foam close to it, on your wristband. I shall take and snip it off."

She did so, and also washed and bound up the passive hand, to all of which Esther submitted placidly.

"And now," said Mrs. Turnover, "I must go and titivate myself a bit. I 'spects somebody else will be a-wantin' of me." (I wonder if Fanshaw's giv' the letter!) "Now, you lay quiet as a mouse for half an hour. I shall putt myself to rights in Dolly's room, so's not to worrit you a-bobbing about. Get a sleep if you can, if 'tis only a wink."

Not even the relief obtainable from a nap of this duration was yet vouchsafed to Esther. She did, indeed, close her eyes, until her aunt, after a minute's rummage among the treasures of her wardrobe, trotted off to an adjoining room, and closed the door. Then, however, she rose from the bed, and kneeling beside it, poured out her soul in gratitude to the great Defender, who had, through her feeble hand, turned aside so great a peril. Then, in the reaction that succeeds intense excitement, sleep deigned to visit her.

A few minutes had elapsed, when the door of the apartment to which Mrs. Turnover had retired opened softly, and displayed that lady listening, and lacing her stays. Finding all quiet, she advanced a step or two in the direction of Esther's room, and this enables us to record the fact that the good lady usually wore, under her dress, an uncertain-colored petticoat, which might be described as pepper-and-salt, with a dash of mustard, and whose brevity authorizes the addition that she regarded black cotton stockings with gray worsted tops as becoming and economical wear.

What article of dress the lady had forgotten to take from her drawer is not material to this narrative. She deemed it essential, since with great care and pains she made her way noiselessly into the chamber, and was stretching out her hand to the half-opened drawer when a murmur from the sleeper's lips caught her ear. She stopped. Again the murmur. It sounded this time like somebody's name.

"Eh!—*Wha—at?*" said Mrs. Turnover, softly. "*What's* that?"

She had advanced just beyond the curtain of Esther's couch, and by merely revolving on the stately pedestals we have already referred to as clothed in black and gray, without moving from her place, could distinguish Esther's face. The cheek was flushed, and even in sleep a tear was upon it, while her lips moved in feverish action. For a moment her words were inaudible, then shaped themselves into:

"Safe!—Safe!—My life!—My more than life!—George!" She breathed a profound sigh, and sank into quiet rest.

"Well—I—never!" were the first words the listener's quivering lips attempted to frame.

After a moment Mrs. Turnover appeared to rally her disordered thoughts. She faced the bed. As she gazed on the pretty sleeper a tear crept into her eye, and if something in the facial angle *did* direct it down the nose instead of the cheeks, there was no less honor due to the generous source from whence it came.

Then she glanced at the half-open drawer, and the reflection: "How lucky 'twas I come back for my bustle! How things do bob up unexpectedly!" passed through her mind.

With that the kind soul turned, and observing, if possible, double caution, stole back to the chamber she had left. Good woman! If Turnover could see you now, that often-quoted man must have acknowledged his confidence in your frank and single-hearted nature not misplaced, and that the most complimentary of all his last speeches did not exceed your desert.

That Mrs. Turnover did not experience a pang of disappointment is not pretended. The credit claimed for her is mainly due to the readiness with which she confessed to herself that, whatever might be the issue of Esther's attachment, the fact of its existence was an absolute and insuperable bar to her own pretensions.

"Pretty, sweet creetur!" said Mrs. Turnover, as she finished her lacing before the glass, and saw (but she was not apostrophizing *that*) a large, coarse torso in the aforesaid dirt-colored petticoat, and a square head with short, grizzled hair. "Lord bless my soul! what an old gaby I had nearly gone and been! Cunning little 'ussy that you be! You'd never ha' told me—not *you!* And think of all that purtence of anger last night, and wouldn't even stoop—my lady wouldn't—to open the door for him! And she'd on'y seen his pictur', a'ter all! Well, love's a queer thing! There goes the cussed string!" Lace renewed, and Mrs. Turnover continued: "'*George*,' she called him! Well, people *is* bold, asleep!"

The good lady hastily completed her toilet, resuming her original or working garments, and after one peep at the still slumbering Esther, hurried down stairs in search of Mr. Fanshaw.

That gentleman's movements since we last saw him had been characterized by considerable indecision. The important letter had been confided to him, with instructions to use his own discretion in the mode of delivery. But for this mysterious addition the worthy man would, no doubt, have adopted the common-sense course of placing it beside his master's other letters on the breakfast-table. As, however, this proceeding seemed to demand no particular exercise of discretion or delicacy of touch, Mr. Fanshaw at once rejected it as a non-fulfillment of his mission, and wandering about with the document in his hand, speculated within himself how on earth Cupid's postmen usually executed their office.

During his hesitation the letter-bag arrived, uncommonly full. A moment afterward the footman entered with some breakfast articles.

"Master's come down, Mr. Fanshaw."

"Is he? Anchovy toast. Run, Thomas—quick!" said the butler, hurriedly. His eye had rested on the silver muffin-dish, and an idea, bright as its own beaming cover, occurred to him. He lifted it—hesitated—would it grease? Sir George's step approached. In his flurry Mr. Fanshaw dropped the note on the muffin. There was no time to recover it; he replaced the cover.

The baronet entered, glanced hastily over the ranks of letters, looked relieved, and sat down to breakfast. At this instant Mr. Fanshaw, standing opposite, caught sight of the portly figure of Mrs. Turnover, executing, outside the half-open door, a series of wild and agitated movements, the object of which he could only interpret as either a request to know if he had yet presented the letter, or an injunction to do it if he had *not*. So earnest grew the pantomime that Mr. Fanshaw made a movement to withdraw and join her.

"Stay a moment, Fanshaw," said his master, who had opened a letter.

Unable to explain further, the butler gave Mrs. Turnover a reassuring smile, and significantly pushed the muffin-dish an inch or so nearer to his master. Finding this had not the tranquilizing effect he expected, Mr. Fanshaw, observing that Sir George was still absorbed in his letter, ventured to raise the lid, just sufficiently to afford the anxious lady an opportunity of noticing the promising aspect of affairs, while at the same time he directed a triumphant glance through the door. In acknowledgment Mrs. Turnover threw up her arms in some species of ecstasy, flung her apron over her head, and staggered away. Mr. Fanshaw stared after her in some perplexity.

"Now that didn't sim like j'y," was his reflection. He began to wish he could regain the letter.

"Fanshaw!"

"Yes, Sir George."

"Fanshaw! Oh, you will present my compliments to Miss Vann, and beg her, when she has fully recovered, to afford me an opportunity of expressing my acknowledgments of the great service she has this day rendered to me, and, indeed, to all my household."

"Yes, Sir George."

"Stay, give me a muffin."

"Muffin, Sir George?"

"Muffin."

At that supreme moment the butler was conscious of the reappearance of Mrs. Turnover, now in an unmistakable attitude of despair, while Dolly, equally agitated, peeped over her shoulder. It was, however, too late. Mr. Fanshaw had placed the fatal dish within reach, and was preparing to beat a precipitate retreat.

"Take off the cover," said George.

Mr. Fanshaw obeyed. One glance revealed the fact that the steam-saturated letter had begun to imbibe the rich fluid below, and, having once tasted thereof, was rapidly becoming inebriated.

"Why, what in the name of—" began George, lifting it curiously with his fork. "Here, take this away! Something has got into it."

"Bless me, so there be!" cried the butler, as he whipped off the dish, muttering something about "the baker."

"Lor! what a providence!" gasped Mrs. Turnover, as Mr. Fanshaw presented her with the recovered treasure, dish and all. Snatching off the letter the good woman hurried away.

For some time after he had finished both his letters and his breakfast the young baronet remained at the table immersed in thought. With an effort he rose and went into his study. There he took two or three restless turns, then rang the bell and flung himself into a chair.

"Now for my fate," he muttered.

A servant appeared.

"Desire the coo—" George checked himself. "Say to Mrs. Turnover that I shall be glad to see her for a minute."

"Mrs. Turnover's awaitin', Sir George," was the prompt reply.

"Beg her to come in."

Mrs. Turnover, quietly attired, came in. Though on a large scale, and of that general aspect which a fastidious critic might have described in the not uncommon expression, "vulgar," the worthy cook was, for her style, a personable woman. It may further be that the consciousness of a generous purpose had imparted to her countenance and manner a degree of softness and dignity not usually to be found there. At all events her young master thought he had never seen her look so comely since the days when, as a school-boy, he had not disdained to receive surreptitious dainties at that large and liberal hand.

"Sit down, I beg," said Sir George.

Mrs. Turnover bobbed a courtesy and remained standing.

"Sit, sit, my good friend," said Sir George, a little impatiently.

"Beggin' your pardon, Sir George," was the reply, "I prefer standin'."

Sir George rose.

Mrs. Turnover cleared her throat, twitched her apron nervously, and began:

"I was wishful, Sir George, to give hanser, so quick as I could, to what you was a-saying of last night. I've been considerin' of it, as you hordered, Sir George, and, with my respectful dooty and thanks, I shall be most 'appy"—George's heart stood still—"for to remain your cook; but as to being your wife, I'd rayther, when I doos marry, keep to my hone spear."

"Of your feelings on such a point, my good Barbara, you must, of course, be the best judge," said the much relieved suitor; "but do not decide hastily."

"'Tis settled, Sir George; and I'm very glad to see you take it so kindly, Sir. I was afeard, seeing how earnest you was, that you might be disappinted," said the honest cook.

George took the good woman's hand, and was hypocrite enough to allow a shade of tranquil resignation to be perceptible in his countenance as he replied, with a melancholy smile, that it was not his first disappointment, and he should overcome it as he might; adding, after a decent pause, that he should dine at home that day, and expected two friends.

Mrs. Turnover courtesied, and prepared to withdraw; but, pausing a moment, remarked:

"Hevery day I lives, I has occasion to bless them last words as hever hissued from the lips of T."

"Tea?" said George, absently.

"The same was as follers," resumed Mrs. Turnover. "He was total unconscious. Indeed, we thought he were gone, when, suddenly, he opens one eye, and winks twice; which meaning 'stimilants,' they was giv', and he says, faintly: 'Fishes don't enjy bilin' water.' Thinking he was a wanderin', we nodded cheerful-like; but he goes on: 'A dillykid female 'oodn't live long at the bottom of the Harctic Sea.' After that, we thought he *was* going; but, with a great heffort, poor dear, he just manages to hadd: 'Theer's social differences. While there is, stick to 'em. When there ain't, don't let 'em stick to *you*. Adoo!'"

"Your excellent husband seems to have reserved many results of his experience to a very late moment!" remarked George. "At this precise moment, my mind is, I fear, too fully occupied with selfish thoughts to appreciate them properly. I have this morning escaped an imminent peril" (more than *one*, his thought suggested), "and I am impatient till I have thanked my deliverer. Is your niece sufficiently recovered to afford me the opportunity?"

Mrs. Turnover considered that, by this time, she was, and would hasten to see if such were the case.

"I have played the booby long enough," soliloquized the master of the mansion, left alone. "Honesty and common-sense inspire me! I will tell her the whole truth, and then—"

Mrs. Turnover had a harder task than she expected. Her niece was indeed awake, and, calmed and invigorated by her unwonted siesta, looked as charming as need be. But the going down—except for the single end of going away—was not to be thought of.

At length Mrs. Turnover lost all patience.

"Well, of all the contrairy creeters I ever did see, you beats all! You wentered your life to protect his'n—nay, I believe," added Mrs. Turnover, darkly, "you've actially been a-dreamin' of him." Esther started. "Child, you *loves* him! *Won't* you go down stairs?"

"If what you say were true, ma'am," Esther replied, with burning cheeks, "you, of all people, should be the last to force me into his presence."

"Highty-tighty! Who wants to force your ryal 'ighness? And why should *I* be the last to make you do what in your 'art you wishes?" demanded the cook, losing all control of her temper. "Now, look here. If you don't go down and be thanked like a reasonable woman, I'll go to master myself, and tell him flat that you was a-making love to his pictur. *Now!*"

"Aunt, aunt! I could not have believed that you would have been so cruel—so—so—wicked," said Esther, bursting into tears.

"Cruel! Wicked!" ejaculated Mrs. Turnover, aghast. "Why, what—"

"To compel *me*, feeling as you say and believe I do, to hold any further intercourse with this gentleman, to whom, miserably for yourself and for him, you are about to be married!"

"Hoh! *That's* it? Who said we was going to be married?" said her aunt, in an altered tone.

"Have you not accepted his offer?"

"Who's gone and put *that* nonsense into your little head?" asked her aunt, with an assumption of so much innocence that Esther gazed at her in dumb surprise. "Don't you think it possible as I might like to hear what they'd say below, without railly meaning to

make such a ninny of myself as that comes to? P'raps I'd a fancy to tease Mrs. Mapes. But, theer, a joke's a joke, and if master had his'n, why, I've had mine."

"Oh, aunt, I am so glad!" cried Esther. "How wise! how prudent! how disinterested!"

"But, good gracious, child! you stand chatterin' here, and master's waiting! Now, Esther, I insist upon your going instant down. I'm not going to be married to him a bit, and so I've told him. Why, whatever the matter with the girl continued Mrs. Turnover, flushing with anger and excitement. "You was glib enough to his picktur. As I'm a livin' 'oman, I'll tell him."

The movement she made to quit the room decided Esther.

"Stay, stay, aunt!" she exclaimed. "I will go down. It will be better—in the end."

Uttering the last words almost in sobs, she quitted the room.

The dialogue above recorded had allowed Sir George a little time for renewed self-examination and the arrangement of his thoughts, so that, on Miss Vann making her appearance, wearing very much the aspect of an empress whose privacy has been invaded by the exigencies of a public audience, he was prepared to meet her with a dignity equal to—and an ease greater than—her own.

Having made his purposed acknowledgments for the service she had, at such imminent personal hazard, rendered to himself and people, George respectfully bespoke her further attention for a few moments, and thereupon related, without stint or pause, the history of his engagement to Miss Mulcaster, its abrupt and hopeless termination, his own mad yielding to a wild and foolish impulse, the attempt he had nevertheless felt it incumbent on him to make, to carry it out, and its failure. In making these humiliating confessions he trusted his patient hearer would at least give him credit for sincerity of purpose. Had Miss Vann's estimable relation accepted the overture he had been induced to make, nothing should have been wanting on his part that might reconcile her to the duties of her new station. Her reason and foresight, however, which put his entirely to shame, had suggested a course of greater wisdom, and more likely to conduce to the happiness of both, thus leaving him, the speaker, free to—to—"

"To—?"

"To make a fitter choice."

Miss Vann must be forgiven for observing that there did not appear to be any choice in the matter.

Sir George Gosling had indulged the hope that the course of his remarks would have indicated his having arrived at sounder views; aware of the selfishness which lay at the root of his intemperate vow, he cast it to the winds.

Miss Vann was aware that those atmospheric agents possessed a very extensive treasury of the kind, but, nevertheless, entertained doubts as to the legal transfer. That, however, was beyond her province. She would wish Sir George good-morning.

Sir George considered that it could scarcely prove such to him, unless his hearer vouchsafed her attention a little longer.

But there was nothing more to say.

Her pardon. There was. Every thing.

How?

Thus. He had frankly described his engagement with Miss Mulcaster, how their intimacy, began in childhood, had ripened into what he had been accustomed to regard as a mutual attachment, and how, on the very threshold of their union, one of the parties had recoiled from the bargain. The blow thus rudely dealt, had awakened in his heart a serious doubt whether Miss Mulcaster had ever felt toward him as she permitted him to believe; while the speaker, on his part, was disposed to question whether, in his estimate of her character, he had attached sufficient importance to a certain weakness and frivolity which underlay her more attractive qualities. In one word, George must acknowledge he no longer adored the idol of his boyhood. He had tested her, and found her mortal. Dreams were over for him. Henceforth he stooped to truth, to reason, to reality. These—and how much more he would not add—he believed he had discovered in—in her who had so patiently listened to his discourse.

It was well that George's speech came to a conclusion. Esther had turned very white, and looked so likely to faint, that he had to place her in a chair. She rallied, however, with an effort, and George, encouraged by the returning color, and a faint smile that straggled about her lips, ventured to return to the charge.

During those appeals and explanations, to which George's historian has done but indifferent justice, the mind of his hearer had fluctuated not a little. Touched at length to the heart by his frank and earnest manner, she ended by believing every syllable. Strange and sudden as was the attachment he had formed for her, something seemed to whisper her that it was of more genuine and natural growth than that from whose ashes it had sprung; and if the exciting circumstances of the hour had led to a somewhat premature declaration, had she a right to dispute it on that ground alone? After a moment's hesitation breaking into a bright smile, she gave him her hand. It was the *left*.

George happened to be superstitious on this subject. He hesitated:

"A half forgiveness?" he asked, smiling. She held out the other.

"Good Heavens, what is this?" exclaimed the young man, thinking only of the dog.

"Nothing. The rose," said Esther.

George was much relieved. He took the little hand tenderly, and kissed it.

There followed a little further conversation, with which we have no other concern than to know that it resulted in an understanding that the engagement (for such it must now be considered) should be kept secret for a period of twelve calendar months, subsequently reduced to six, and ultimately, on petition, to three, during which no communication whatever was to take place between the contracting parties. To this last condition Miss Vann held firm. Sir George was to enjoy a period of three months for undisturbed self-examination. If, *then*, the impression that he now knew his own mind was sufficiently confirmed, he would use his discretion as to announcing the engagement; but any word of marriage, or allusion to that event, within one twelvemonth, was to nullify the whole transaction.

Article the last. Sir George was to order the carriage forthwith.

He did so, and led the young lady to the door, still looking wistfully at the bandaged hand.

"I fear you are suffering more than you will confess?" he said.

"I do not feel it at all," replied Esther, with her radiant smile.

"I shall send to inquire the progress of the cure."

"It will be your last communication, then," said Esther. "Remember our conditions."

"Nay, but I am really anxious—"

"Nonsense," said Esther, laughing, "a mere scratch!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SOME of our railroad companies, having stations in this city, have for some time past maintained a regulation that no person shall be admitted to the cars about to start unless upon showing a ticket. The result is, that a gentleman who accompanies his wife or lady relative or friend to the cars to see her safely started on a journey, can not aid in procuring her a seat, but she must tread her way through the crowd into the car alone. The companies defend this rule on the ground that it prevents pickpockets from plying their vocation in the cars at starting; but it is very doubtful at least whether any advantage thus gained compensates for the annoyance to which timid and inexperienced travelers are subjected. The rule has recently given rise to renewed complaint.

There is talk of removing the old "William Penn Mansion," heretofore standing on the corner of Second and Gothic streets, in Philadelphia, and one of the time-honored relics of the early history of that city, and re-erecting it, upon a reduced scale, in Fairmount Park.

The re-establishment of the mail system throughout the Southern States has been heretofore embarrassed by the fact that few contractors for carrying the mails can be found who are able and willing to take the "test oath" which our Government requires from those who aspire to situations of trust and confidence in its employment. A Mr. Bryan Tyson, of Washington, now advertises an ingenious solution of this difficulty. He proposes that any person desirous of carrying a mail should notify Tyson; whereupon Tyson will contract with the Government for the route desired, take the oath, give the security required, and take out the contract in his own name; and will then sublet it to the proposed contractor; reserving a commission of 2½ per cent. for his (Tyson's) time, trouble, ingenuity, risk, political influence, and wear and tear of conscience in taking so many oaths as the prosecution of the plan involves.

In the *Weekly* of October 20 we gave Edward Everett's description of the cholera of 1832. Here is Rufus Choate's. It is extracted from a lately-published letter from him to Governor Briggs of Massachusetts, dated Salem, August 12, 1832, in which he describes a recent visit to New York:

"The doctor and I found quarters in the same room. The moon shone as upon the city of the dead; and the only sounds from the streets I took to be the footsteps, or the slow wheels, of the bearers of the suddenly sick, or those, more happy, whose sickness was all over. Between you and me I came once or twice in the night to what old people call hysterics—a sort of rascally nervous inclination to *squeal* and kick up my heels, fancy ministering to fear and fatigue; and when the morning star rose at length it seemed to glitter and sing as on the day of the creation—so long and full of horror had been the night! So I sallied down to the wharf to take the New Haven boat, and was told it was quarantined at New Haven, and that it was doubtful if any mode of leaving the city for the eastward would be provided while the cholera continued. Having the premonitory symptoms very bad I cleared for the Albany boat, shot up to Poughkeepsie, and came home, leaving my umbrella and twelve shirts (my wife says fifteen) at Jarvis's, in Poughkeepsie. There I called a doctor, who proved a modest, clever, sensible fellow, a friend of Pendleton and Clay, and a most decided, prepared foe of all cholera. He said nothing ailed me. Whereupon I went to bed, gentle as a lamb, and slept like a rock. Our people here are cool on the occasion. They send me my last year's bills to pay with as much punctuality as if all was straight, and receive my United States' bills, as if they expected to live a thousand years. I am shocked at such conduct."

By-the-way, why is it that the labors of our Board of Health seem so much relaxed lately. In the upper part of the city the bone-boiling nuisance seems renewed with fresh vigor—we should say "stale"—and the streets and sidewalks are as dirty as ever.

Hunters often shoot deer, but one would say that a deer could not shoot a hunter. Yet this apparently impossible accident is reported to have occurred in Scotland lately. The unfortunate sportsman was a deer-stalker named Urquhart. He made one of a party who were pursuing a stag, and was sent, with another forester, to keep it from escaping at the head of a glen into which it had been chased. The stag had already been badly wounded by a shot, and so the two men were able to come up with him, and Urquhart tried to drive him down with the butt-end of the rifle before dealing the finishing blow. In despair and pain the stag lashed out, and, striking the hammers of the piece, knocked one off and brought the other down on the cap, so that the charge exploded, and drove the bullet straight through the forester's body. He stood for a moment, and then said, quietly, "I am shot," and fell into the arms of his companion, who laid him down and tried to stop the bleeding. Medical assistance was at once sent for, but the distance was so great that before the doctors could arrive the wounded man was dead.

The week has brought news of some other accidents almost equally singular. From San Francisco we hear of an explosion of an ordinary brass ship's lamp, on board the sloop *Sycamore*, with such force as to shatter the cabin into kindling wood, kill the bearer of the lamp, and even drive pieces of the metal deep into the deck, accompanied by a noise like the report of a cannon. This was something not easily to be explained on the supposition that the contents of the lamp were simple coal-oil, as was at first believed. But upon investigation it appeared that the men on board the sloop, some weeks previously, obtained some fluid which they supposed to be oil. Some of it was placed in the coal-oil can, kept on board for filling the lamps. Shortly thereafter some one took the can to oil the axle of the truck used for hauling freight on board the schooner, and on the truck being used an explosion followed. The men then concluded that what they had supposed to be oil was nitro-glycerine. They thereupon turned the dangerous fluid overboard, and coming to port again had the can filled with coal oil at a drug-store. The theory of the explosion is, that enough of the nitro-glycerine remained sticking to the sides of the can when it was refilled with coal-oil to produce the explosion. This floated on the surface of the coal-oil, or mingled with it, and found its way into the lamp, where it in some manner, through friction in screwing down the tubes, a sudden jar, or heat from the burning wick, exploded with the terrible force and fatal result already stated.

In the upper part of New York city last week several small boys were badly, and one of them fatally, burned by an explosion. It seems that while playing in the street they found some scattered pieces of what they supposed was coal, and immediately commenced collecting all they could find for the purpose of building a fire. After doing so, and igniting the material so collected, the children gathered round the embryo fire in high glee. As they so stood huddled together the black mass suddenly exploded, scattering the fire over them, and burning a number of them very seriously, so much so indeed, that one of them died next day. It was afterward ascertained that what the children supposed was coal, was in fact cakes of damaged powder. The proprietor of a coal-yard in the vicinity had a parcel of damaged powder on his premises, which he considered worthless, and gave to a carman, with directions to "throw it into the North River." To save going all the way to the river, however, the carman, not supposing any harm would come of it, threw the powder out of his cart into the street, where not long afterward the unfortunate lads found it.

A severe penalty was recently inflicted upon a young boy in an English county town. It seems that three naughty boys went to pick up apples from the grounds of a certain gentleman. Two of them were lads of bad character. The third, a very young one, was of good character, evidently led away by his companions. A policeman caught them all. The decent boy was one of nine children, and was about the next day to go to a situation. Apples, probably windfalls, were found in his pockets. His mother begged hard of the magistrates for his release. He was a very good boy at home, she said. She promised that he should be well looked after in future. It was his first offense. The Justices, however, sentenced the poor child, in spite of his mother's entreaties, to *three years in a reformatory!* One can not help feeling a strong sympathy with the poor child thus punished for a first offense.

A very considerate and orderly rogue not long since went to the room of a broker in Hartford while he was asleep, took the keys of his office and safe from his pantaloons pocket, robbed his safe of $700, and then replaced the keys in his pocket!

A residence in Rome just now would not seem to be particularly desirable. Brigands in that vicinity have become fearfully bold. A letter from Rome states that not long since a band of brigands entered the village of Acuto, and seized upon five persons belonging to the principal families of the place. They carried them off to the mountains, and gave them to understand that they must pay a large ransom. The family of one of them sent the sum demanded, and the brigands set free the person so ransomed, giving him a sealed box to be handed to the mayor of the village. When opened the box was found to contain the ears of the four other prisoners, and a letter saying that if the whole sum demanded was not remitted the heads would shortly be sent to their friends.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SOME PUMPKINS!—The annual ceremony of crowning the king of the pumpkins took place lately at the central market in Paris. The happy vegetable weighed 258 pounds, and measured ten feet four inches round. At one time it was feared the authorities might forbid the ceremony, on the ground of its political significance, because it might lead the disaffected to believe the crown was going to squash!

The last novelty in the way of locomotion is to be among the many wonders of the Great Exhibition at Paris. It is a mechanical horse, which trots, gallops, or walks, as may suit the pleasure of the rider. He even prances after the most approved style, and neighs when that sound is agreeable to its possessor.

A country dentist advertises that he "spares no pains" to render his operations satisfactory.

PAYING AN ELECTION WAGER.

If men will lay wagers on elections they must take the consequences with as much grace as possible. In the instance which we illustrate below both the winner and the loser were compelled to play a somewhat ludicrous part, the latter that of wheeling in a barrow five pumpkins around the square, while the former went before with the United States flag. The winner of the wager was MR. W. E. BLANCHARD, the loser was MR. JOHN MORRIS. MR. MORRIS, without coat or boots, wheeled the pumpkins, according to agreement, a large and enthusiastic crowd following. The scene of this interesting performance was the square formed by Broadway, Grand, Crosby, and Howard streets.

"SAY, MAMMA!"

Pray, mamma, say, mamma: did you not think—
As we staid for our carriage last night at the ball—
That Spooner, poor creature, was just on the brink
Of—I don't like to mention it!—"popping," that's all?
Should he propose, may I send him to *you?*
What shall I say, mamma? Say, mamma, do!

Yes, mamma! Guess, mamma, how I was vexed
When the carriage came up and he bid us "good night!"
I knew—or I fancied—what *must* have come next,
By his pressing my hand so excessively tight.
How shall I treat the man—send him to *you?*
What shall I say, mamma? Say, mamma, do!

Oh! mamma; no, mamma. Do not suppose
I would marry for *that*. I am not to be sold.
But still—the old gentleman's property goes
To this very identical son, I am told.
Make up your mind. Shall I send him to *you?*
What shall I say, mamma? Say, mamma, do!

Nay, mamma: stay, mamma. Stop, I implore:
Let me beg you to give your definitive choice.
Good gracious, what's that? There's a knock at the door.
Oh, it's Spooner himself; no mistaking the voice.
Tell me at once; may I send him to *you?*
What shall I say, mamma? Say, mamma, do!

THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION—A printing-office.

"Mother, can I go and have my daguerreotype taken?" "No, I guess it isn't worth while." "Well, then, you might let me go and have a tooth pulled, I never go any where."

A miserly old farmer who had lost one of his best hands in the midst of hay-making, remarked to the sexton, as he was filling up the grave: "It's a sad thing to lose a good mower at a time like this; but, after all, poor Tom was a great eater."

BRUTAL.—Old Singleton, on hearing there was a song called "The Children's Hour," remarked, that it could of course only mean bedtime. He added a hope that the song did not sanction the absurd idea of after dinner being the children's hour.

The show-window of a certain corset-maker exhibits a singular instance of illiterate diction. On a card appears the following sentence: "All kinds of ladies stays here."

"NONE OF YOUR SAUCE."—We see some one is advertising "My Wife's Sauce." It is to be regretted that he does not keep his little domestic discomforts to himself.

A Paris paper apologizes to its readers for being compelled to make an erratum, having placed four marriages under the mercantile heading of "declarations of failure."

The old gentleman who undertook to take the twist out of the Maelstrom has gone out to whitewash the Rocky Mountains. He goes in for large jobs.

EXCUSES FOR DRINKING.

One drinks because he's very hot as we are often told;
Another must a tankard take because he's very cold;
Another drinks because he's wet, its benefits to try;
Another, sure, a tankard gets because he's very dry;
Another must a bargain make, and have a glass to strike it!
While one and all the liquor take because, in fact, *they like it.*

"You saved my life at the battle of Waterloo," said a beggar to a captain. "Saved your life! how?" "I served under you, and when you ran away—*I followed!*"

"When was Rome built?" inquired a 'competitive' examiner.

"In the night, Sir!"

"In the night! how do you make that out?"

"Why, Sir, you know Rome wasn't built in a day."

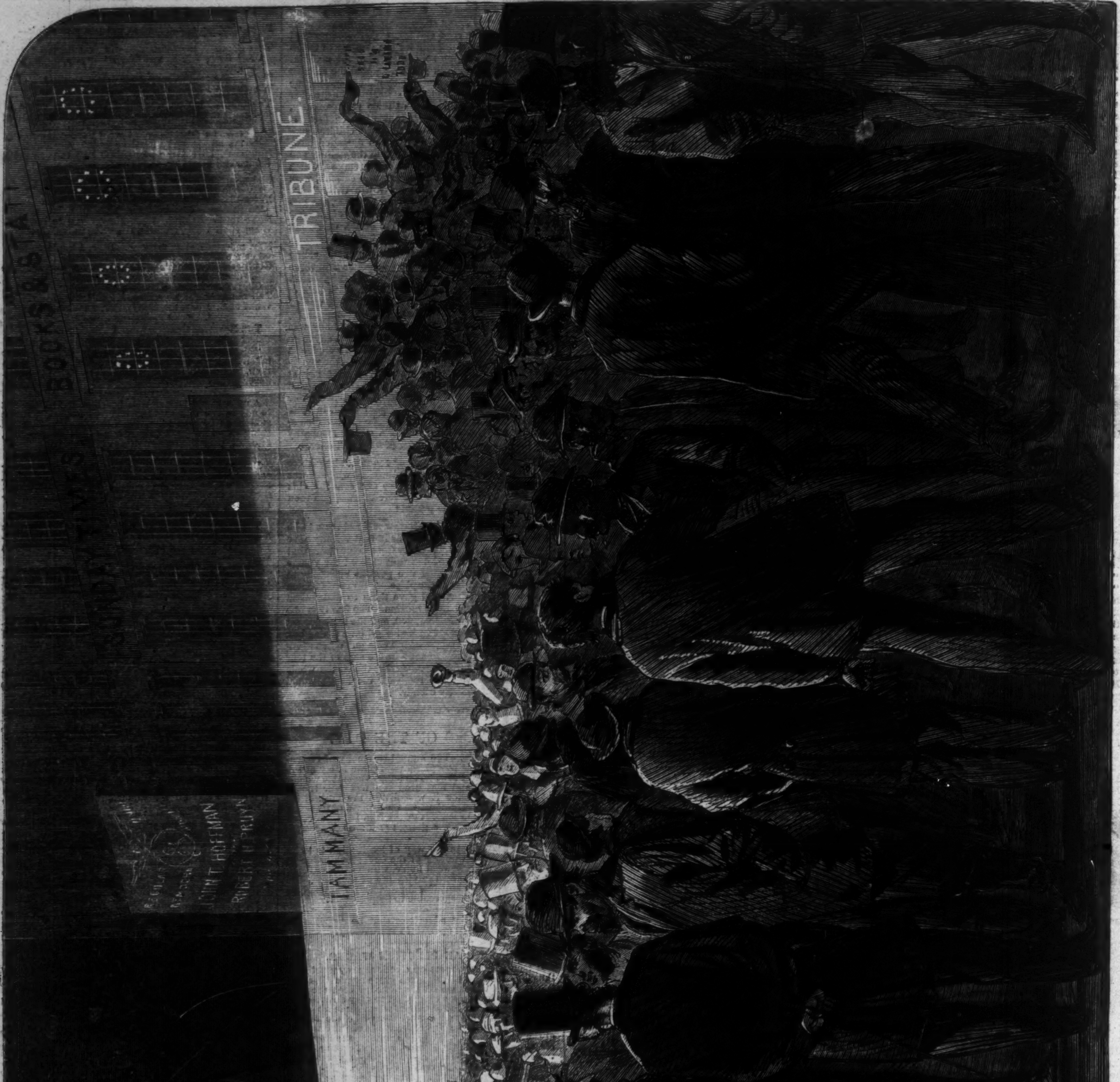
Some books are like small, cheap dictionaries; you find every thing there—except what you want.

An old bachelor says the talk of women is usually about men; even their laugh is he! he! he!

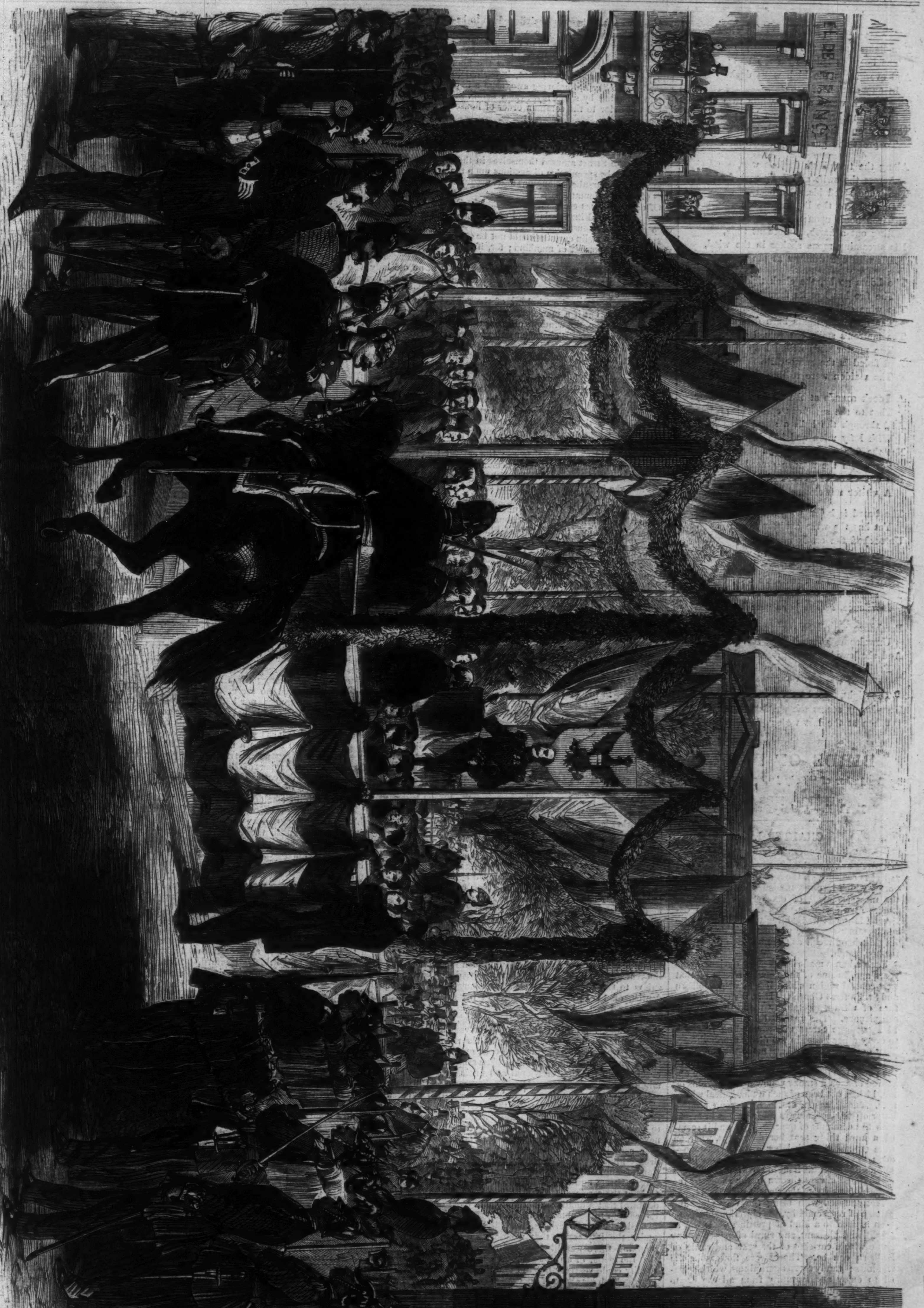
Why is love like a Scotch plaid?—Because it is all stuff, and often crossed.

A traveler at a Pennsylvanian hotel got out of his bed one night to see what sort of weather it was, but instead of looking out upon the sky, thrust his head through the glass window of a cupboard. "Landlord," shouted the guest, "what sort of weather do you call this, the night is as dark as Egypt, and *smells of cheese!*"

PAYING AN ELECTION WAGER.



ELECTION RETURNS—SCENE IN FRONT OF THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE" OFFICE AT MIDNIGHT, November 6-7.—[Sketched by C. G. Bush.]



PROCLAIMING THE ANNEXATION OF NASSAU AT WIESBADEN.—[SEE PAGE 740.]

THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

THE lights are lit, the chimney glows,
 The board is laden with the best;
And evergreens the high walls deck
 In expectation of a guest.
The maiden wears a snow-white rose
 In shining braids of silken hair;
The matron's face is lit with smiles
 To greet the guest expected there.

Along the turnpike's devious way,
 Across the swift and dangerous ford,
The jaded steed his rider bears,
 Obedient to the lightest word;
His iron hoofs upon the night
 Ring out a harsh, discordant tune,
His streaming mane shakes in the wind,
 His wild eye wonders at the moon.

The hours go by, the clock ticks loud,
 The fire has lost its former glow;
The wine still waits the stranger's lip,
 The flickering lights burn dim and low;
The matron's smile has passed away,
 The master nods within his chair,
And faded is the snow-white flower
 The maiden wore to grace her hair.

A knock sounds at the castle gates,
 That to the summons open wide;
And through the halls a stranger stalks,
 With lofty mien and haughty stride—
Not the fair guest for whom they looked,
 For whom the maiden graced her hair,
But one of other name and blood,
 A visitor unwelcome there.

The board is laden with the best,
 Yet has the wine a bitter taste;
Untouched the costly meats are passed,
 The mellow fruit is left to waste:
No smile is on the matron's lip,
 No love is in the maiden's eye;
The master sits with sullen brow,
 In silence, as the hour goes by.

Perchance we all have sometime been
 Unwelcome guests beside some hearth,
And shadowed by our presence there
 Each show of gladness and of mirth.
The formal word, the chilling tone,
 The slight, forced smile, what tales they tell!
How happy seems the parting hour
 When at the last we say "Farewell!"

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book I.—Fatal Friendship.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOUSE IN BLOOMSBURY.

THERE are some houses whereof the outward aspect is sealed with the seal of respectability—houses which inspire confidence in the minds of the most skeptical of butchers and bakers—houses at whose area-gates the tradesman delivers his goods undoubtingly, and from whose spotless door-steps the vagabond children of the neighborhood recoil as from a shrine too sacred for hop-scotch.

Such a house made its presence obvious, some years ago, in one of the smaller streets of that west-central region which lies between Holborn and St. Pancras Church. It is, perhaps, the nature of ultra-respectability to be disagreeably conspicuous. The unsullied brightness of No. 14 Fitzgeorge Street was a standing reproach to every other house in the dingy thoroughfare. That one spot of cleanliness made the surrounding dirt cruelly palpable. The muslin curtains in the parlor windows of No. 15 would not have appeared of such a smoky yellow if the curtains of No. 14 had not been of such a pharisaical whiteness. Mrs. Magson, at No. 13, was an humble letter of lodgings, always more or less in arrear with the demands of quarter-day; and it seemed a hard thing that her door-steps, whereon were expended much labor and hearth-stone—not to mention house-flannel, which was in itself no unimportant item in the annual expenses—should be always thrown in the shade by the surpassing purity of the steps before No. 14.

Not satisfied with being the very pink and pattern of respectability, the objectionable house even aspired to a kind of prettiness. It was as bright, and pleasant, and rural of aspect as any house within ear-shot of the roar and rattle of Holborn can be. There were flowers in the windows; gaudy scarlet geraniums, which seemed to enjoy an immunity from all the ills to which geraniums are subject, so impossible was it to discover a faded leaf among their greenness, or the presence of blight amidst their wealth of blossom. There were bird-cages within the shadow of the muslin curtains, and the coloring of the newly-pointed brick-work was agreeably relieved by the vivid green of Venetian blinds. The freshly-varnished street door bore a brass-plate, on which to look was to be dazzled; and the effect produced by this combination of white door-step, scarlet geranium, green blind, and brass-plate was obtrusively brilliant.

Those who had been so privileged as to behold the interior of the house in Fitzgeorge Street brought away with them an envious admiration of its inner splendors. The pink and pattern of propriety within, as it was the pink and pattern of propriety without, it excited in every breast alike a wondering awe, as of a habitation tenanted by some mysterious being, infinitely superior to the common order of householders.

The inscription on the brass-plate informed the neighborhood that No. 14 was occupied by Mr. Sheldon, surgeon-dentist; and the dwellers in Fitzgeorge Street amused themselves in their leisure hours by speculative discussions upon the character and pursuits, belongings and surroundings of this gentleman.

Of course he was eminently respectable. On that question no Fitzgeorgian had ever hazarded a doubt. A householder with such a door-step and such muslin curtains could not be other than the most correct of mankind; for, if there is any external evidence by which a dissolute life or an ill-regulated mind will infallibly betray itself, that evidence is to be found in the yellowness and limpness of muslin window-curtains. The eyes are the windows of the soul, says the poet; but if a man's eyes are not open to your inspection, the windows of his house will help you to discover his character as an individual, and his solidity as a citizen. At least such was the opinion cherished in Fitzgeorge Street, Russell Square.

The person and habits of Mr. Sheldon were in perfect harmony with the aspect of the house. The unsullied snow of the door-step reproduced itself in the unsullied snow of his shirt-front; the brilliancy of the brass-plate was reflected in the glittering brightness of his gold studs; the varnish on the door was equaled by the lustrous surface of his black satin waistcoat; the careful pointing of the brick-work was in a manner imitated by the perfect order of his polished finger-nails and the irreproachable neatness of his hair and whiskers.

No dentist or medical practitioner of any denomination had inhabited the house in Fitzgeorge Street before the coming of Philip Sheldon. The house had been unoccupied for upward of a year, and was in the last stage of shabbiness and decay, when the bills disappeared all at once from the windows, and busy painters and bricklayers set their ladders against the dingy brick-work. But Mr. Sheldon took the house upon a long lease, and spent two or three hundred pounds in the embellishment of it. Upon the completion of all repairs and decorations, two great wagon-loads of furniture, distinguished by that old-fashioned clumsiness which is eminently suggestive of respectability, arrived from the Euston Square Terminus, while a young man of meditative aspect might have been seen on his knees, now in one empty chamber, anon in another, performing some species of indoor surveying, with a three-foot rule, a loose little oblong memorandum-book, and the merest stump of a square lead-pencil. This was an emissary from the carpet warehouse; and before nightfall it was known to more than one inhabitant of Fitzgeorge Street that the stranger was going to lay down new carpets. The new-comer was evidently of an active and energetic temperament, for within three days of his arrival the brass-plate on his street-door announced his profession, while a neat little glass-case, on a level with the eye of the passing pedestrian, exhibited specimens of his skill in mechanical dentistry, and afforded instruction and amusement to the boys of the neighborhood, who criticised the glistening white teeth and impossibly red gums displayed behind the plate-glass with a like vigor and freedom of language. Nor did Mr. Sheldon's announcement of his profession confine itself to the brass-plate and the glass-case. A shabby-genteel young man pervaded the neighborhood for some days after the surgeon-dentist's advent, knocking a postman's knock, which only wanted the galvanic sharpness of the professional touch to be the real thing, and delivering neatly-printed circulars to the effect that Mr. Sheldon, surgeon-dentist, of 14 Fitzgeorge Street, had invented some novel method of adjusting false teeth, incomparably superior to any existing method, and that he had, further, patented an improvement upon nature in the way of coral gums, the name whereof was an unpronounceable compound of Greek and Latin, calculated to awaken an awful reverence in the unprofessional and unclassical mind.

The Fitzgeorgians shook their heads with prophetic solemnity as they read these circulars. Struggling householders, who find it a hard task to keep the two ends which never have met and never will meet from growing farther and farther asunder every year, are apt to derive a dreary kind of satisfaction from the contemplation of another man's impending ruin. Fitzgeorge Street and its neighborhood had existed without the services of a dentist, but it was very doubtful that a dentist would be able to exist on the custom to be obtained in Fitzgeorge Street. Mr. Sheldon may, perhaps, have pitched his tent under the impression that wherever there was mankind there was likely to be toothache, and that the healer of an ill so common to frail humanity could scarcely fail to earn his bread, let him establish his abode of horror where he might. For some time after his arrival people watched him and wondered about him, and regarded him a little suspiciously, in spite of the substantial clumsiness of his furniture and the unwinking brightness of his windows. His neighbors asked one another how long all that outward semblance of prosperity would last; and there was sinister meaning in the question.

The Fitzgeorgians were not a little surprised, and were perhaps just a little disappointed, on finding that the newly-established dentist did manage to hold his ground somehow or other, and that the muslin curtains were renewed again and again in all their spotless purity; that the supplies of rotten-stone and oil, hearth-stone and house-flannel were unfailing as a perennial spring; and that the unsullied snow of Mr. Sheldon's shirt-fronts retained its primeval whiteness. Wonder and suspicion gave place to a half-envious respect. Whether much custom came to the dentist no one could decide. There is no trade or profession in which the struggling man will not receive some faint show of encouragement. Pedestrians of agonized aspect, with handkerchiefs held convulsively before their mouths, were seen to rush wildly toward the dentist's door, then pause for a moment, stricken by a sudden terror, and anon feebly pull the handle of an inflexible bell. Cabs had been heard to approach that fatal door—generally on wet days; for there seems to be a kind of fitness in the choice of damp and dismal weather for the extraction of teeth. Elderly ladies and gentlemen had been known to come many times to the Fitzgeorgian mansion. There was a legend of an old lady who had been seen to arrive in a brougham, especially weird and nutcrackery of aspect, and to depart half an hour afterward a beautified and renovated creature. One half of the Fitzgeorgians declared that Mr. Sheldon had established a very nice little practice, and was saving money; while the other half were still despondent, and opined that the dentist had private property, and was eating up his little capital. It transpired in course of time that Mr. Sheldon had left his native town of Little Barlingford, in Yorkshire, where his father and grandfather had been surgeon-dentists before him, to establish himself in London. He had disposed advantageously of an excellent practice, and had transferred his household goods—the ponderous chairs and tables, the wood whereof had deepened and mellowed in tint under the indefatigable hand of his grandmother—to the metropolis, speculating on the chance that his talents and appearance, address and industry, could scarcely fail to achieve a position. It was further known that he had a brother, an attorney in Gray's Inn, who visited him very frequently; that he had few other friends or acquaintance; that he was a shining example of steadiness and sobriety; that he was on the sunnier side of thirty, a bachelor, and very good-looking; and that his household was comprised of a grim-visaged, active old woman imported from Barlingford, a girl who ran errands, and a boy who opened the door, attended to the consulting-room, and did some mysterious work at odd times with a file and sundry queer lumps of plaster of Paris, beeswax, and bone, in a dark little shed abutting on the yard at the back of the house. This much had the inhabitants of Fitzgeorge Street discovered respecting Mr. Sheldon when he had been among them four years; but they had discovered no more. He had made no local acquaintances, nor had he sought to make any. Those of his neighbors who had seen the interior of his house had entered it as patients. They left it as much pleased with Mr. Sheldon as one can be with a man at whose hands one has just undergone martyrdom, and circulated a very flattering report of the dentist's agreeable manners and delicate white handkerchief, fragrant with the odor of eau de Cologne. For the rest, Philip Sheldon lived his own life, and dreamed his own dreams. His opposite neighbors, who watched him on sultry summer evenings as he lounged near an open window smoking his cigar, had no more knowledge of his thoughts and fancies than they would have had if he had been a Calmuck Tartar or an Abyssinian chief.

CHAPTER II.

PHILIP SHELDON READS THE "LANCET."

FITZGEORGE STREET was chill and dreary of aspect, under a gray March sky, when Mr. Sheldon returned to it after a week's absence from London. He had been to Little Barlingford, and had spent his brief holiday among old friends and acquaintance. The weather had not been in favor of that driving hither and thither in dog-carts, or riding rakish horses long distances to beat up old companions, which is accounted pleasure on such occasions. The blusterous winds of an unusually bitter March had buffeted Mr. Sheldon in the streets of his native town, and had almost blown him off the door-steps of his kindred. So it is scarcely strange if he returned to town looking none the better for his excursion. He looked considerably the worse for his week's absence, the old Yorkshire-woman said, as she waited upon him while he ate a chop and drank two large cups of very strong tea.

Mr. Sheldon made short work of this impromptu meal. He seemed anxious to put an end to his housekeeper's affectionate interest in himself and his health, and to get her out of the room. She had nursed him nearly thirty years before, and the recollection that she had been very familiar with him when he was a handsome black-eyed baby, with a tendency to become suddenly stiff of body and crimson of visage without any obvious provocation, inclined her to take occasional liberties now. She watched him furtively as he sat in a big high-backed arm-chair staring moodily at the struggling fire, and would fain have questioned him a little about Barlingford and Barlingford people.

But Philip Sheldon was not a man with whom even a superannuated nurse can venture to take many liberties. He was a good master, paid his servants their wages with unfailing punctuality, and gave very little trouble. But he was the last person in the world upon whom a garrulous woman could venture to inflict her rambling discourse; as Nancy Woolper—by courtesy, Mrs. Woolper—was fain to confess to her next-door neighbor, Mrs. Magson, when her master was the subject of an afternoon gossip. The heads of a household may inhabit a neighborhood for years without becoming acquainted even with the outward aspect of their neighbors; but in the lordly servants' halls of the West, or the modest kitchens of Bloomsbury, there will be interchange of civilities and friendly "droppings in" to tea or supper, let the master of the house be never so ungregarious a creature.

"You can take the tea-things, Nancy," Mr. Sheldon said, presently, arousing himself suddenly from that sombre reverie in which he had been absorbed for the last ten minutes; "I am going to be very busy to-night, and I expect Mr. George in the course of the evening. Mind I am not at home to any body but him."

The old woman arranged the tea-things on her tray, but still kept a furtive watch on her master, who sat with his head a little bent, and his bright black eyes fixed on the fire, with that intensity of gaze peculiar to eyes which see something far away from the object they seem to contemplate. She was in the habit of watching Mr. Sheldon rather curiously at all times, for she had never quite got over a difficulty in realizing the fact that the black-eyed baby with whom she had been so intimate *could* have developed into this self-contained inflexible young man, whose thoughts were so very far away from her. To-night she watched him more intently than she was accustomed to do, for to-night there was some change in his face which she was trying, in a dim way, to account for.

He looked up from the fire suddenly, and found her eyes fixed upon him. It may be that he had been disturbed by a semi-consciousness of that curious gaze, for he looked at her angrily—"What are you staring at, Nancy?"

It was not the first time he had encountered her watchful eyes and asked the same impatient question. But Mrs. Woolper possessed that north-country quickness of intellect which is generally equal to an emergency, and was always ready with some question or suggestion which went to prove that she had just fixed her eyes on her master, inspired by some anxiety about his interests.

"I was just a-thinking, Sir," she said, meeting his stern glance unflinchingly with her little sharp gray eyes—"I was just a-thinking—you said not at home to *any one*, except Mr. George. If it should be a person in a cab wanting their teeth out sudden—and if any thing could make toothache more general in this neighborhood it would be these March winds—if it should be a patient, Sir, in a cab—"

The dentist interrupted her with a short, bitter laugh.

"Neither March winds nor April showers are likely to bring me patients, Nancy, on foot or in cabs, and you ought to know it. If it's a patient, ask him in, by all means, and give him last Saturday week's *Times* to read, while I get the rust off my forceps. There, that will do; take your tray—or, stop; I've got some news to tell you." He rose, and stood with his back to the fire and his eyes bent upon the hearth-rug, while Mrs. Woolper waited by the table, with the tray packed ready for removal. Her master kept her waiting so for some minutes, and then turned his face half away from her, and contemplated himself absently in the glass while he spoke.

"You remember Mrs. Halliday?" he asked.

"I should think I did, Sir; Miss Georgina Cradock that was—Miss Georgy they called her; your first sweet-heart. And how she could ever marry that big, awkward Halliday, is more than I can make out. Poor fondy! I suppose she was took with those great round blue eyes and red whiskers of his."

"Her mother and father were 'took' by his comfortable farm-house, and well-stocked farm, Nancy," answered Mr. Sheldon, still contemplating himself in the glass. "Georgy had very little to do with it. She is one of those women who let other people think for them. However, Tom is an excellent fellow, and Georgy was a lucky girl to catch such a husband. Any little flirtation there may have been between her and me was over and done with long before she married Tom. It never was more than a flirtation; and I've flirted with a good many Barlingford girls in my time, as you know, Nancy."

It was not often that Mr. Sheldon condescended to be so communicative to his housekeeper. The old woman nodded and chuckled, delighted by her master's unwonted friendliness.

"I drove over to Hyley while I was at home, Nancy," continued the dentist—he called Barlingford home still, though he had broken most of the links that had bound him to it—"and dined with the Hallidays. Georgy is as pretty as ever, and she and Tom get on capitally."

"Any children, Sir?"

"One girl," answered Mr. Sheldon, carelessly. "She's at school in Scarborough, and I didn't see her. I had a very pleasant day with the Hallidays. Tom has sold his farm; that part of the world doesn't suit him, it seems; too cold and bleak for him. He's one of those big, burly-looking men who seem as if they could knock you down with a little finger, and who shiver at every puff of wind. I don't think he'll make old bones, Nancy. But that's neither here nor there. I dare say he's good for another ten years; or I'm sure I hope so, on Georgy's account."

"It was right-down soft of him to sell Hyley Farm, though," said Nancy, reflectively; "I've heard tell as it's the best land for forty mile round Barlingford. But he got a rare good price for it, I'll lay."

"Oh, yes; he sold the property uncommonly well he tells me. You know if a north-countryman gets the chance of making a profit, he never lets it slip through his fingers."

Mrs. Woolper received this compliment to her countrymen with a gratified grin, and Mr. Sheldon went on talking, still looking at the reflection of his handsome face in the glass, and pulling his whiskers meditatively.

"Now, as Tom was made for a farmer, and nothing but a farmer, he must find land somewhere in a climate that does suit him; so his friends have advised him to try a place in Devonshire or Cornwall, where he may train his myrtles and roses over his roof, and grow green pease for the London markets as late as November. There are such places to be had if he bides his time, and he's coming to town next week to look about him. So as Georgy and he would be about as capable of taking care of themselves in London as a couple of children, I have recommended them to take up their quarters here. They'll have their lodgings for nothing, and we shall chum together on the Yorkshire system; for of course I can't afford to keep a couple of visitors for a month at a stretch. Do you think you shall be able to manage for us, Nancy?"

"Oh yes, I'll manage well enough. I'm not one of your lazy London lasses that take half an hour to wipe a tea-cup. I'll manage easy enough. Mr. and Mrs. Halliday will be having your room, I'll lay."

"Yes; give them the best room, by all means. I can sleep any where. And now go down stairs and think it over, Nancy. I must get to my work. I've some letters that must be written to-night."

Mrs. Woolper departed with her tray, gratified by her master's unwonted familiarity, and not ill-pleased by the thought of visitors. They would cause a great deal of trouble, certainly; but the monotony of Nancy's easy life had grown so oppressive to an active temperament as to render the idea of any variety delightful to her mind. And then there would be the pleasure of making that iniquitous creature, the London lass, bestir herself, and there would be furthermore the advantage of certain little perquisites which a clever manager always secures to herself in a house where there is much eating and drinking. Mr. Sheldon himself had lived like a modern anchorite for the last four years; and Nancy Woolper, who was pretty well acquainted with the state of his finances, had pinched and contrived for his benefit, or rather for the benefit of the black-eyed baby she had nursed nine-and-twenty years before. For his sake she had been careful and honest, willing to forego all the small profits to which she held herself entitled; but if well-to-do people were going to share her master's expenses, there would be no longer need for such scrupulous integrity; and if things were rightly managed, Thomas Halliday might be made to bear the entire cost of the household during his month's visit on the Yorkshire system.

While Mrs. Woolper meditated upon her domestic duties, the master of the domicile abandoned himself to reflections which were apparently of a very serious character. He brought a leathern desk from a side-table, unlocked it, and took out a quire of paper; but he made no further advance toward the writing of those letters on account of which he had dismissed his housekeeper. He sat, with his elbows on the table, nibbling the end of a wooden pen-holder, and staring at the opposite wall. His face looked pale and haggard in the light of the gas, and the eyes, fixed in that vacant stare, had a feverish brightness.

Mr. Sheldon was a handsome man—eminently handsome, according to the popular notion of masculine beauty; and if the popular ideal has been a little vulgarized by the waxen gentlemen on whose finely-moulded foreheads the wig-maker is wont to display the specimens of his art, that is no discredit to Mr. Sheldon. His features were regular; the nose a handsome aquiline; the mouth firm and well modeled; the chin and jaw rather heavier than in the waxen ideal of the hair-dresser; the forehead very prominent in the region of the perceptives, but obviously wanting in the higher faculties. The eye of the phrenologist, unaided by his fingers, must have failed to discover the secrets of Mr. Sheldon's organization; for one of the dentist's strong points was his hair, which was very luxuriant, and which he wore in artfully-arranged masses that passed for curls, but which owed their undulating grace rather to a skillful manipulation than to any natural tendency. It has been said that the rulers of the world are straight-haired men; and Mr. Sheldon might have been a Napoleon III. so far as regards this special attribute. His hair was of a dense black, and his whiskers of the same sombre hue. These carefully-arranged whiskers were another of the dentist's strong points; and the third strong point was his teeth, the perfection whereof was a fine advertisement when considered in a professional light. The teeth were rather too large and square for a painter's or a poet's notion of beauty, and were a little apt to suggest an unpleasant image of some sleek brindled creature crunching human bones in an Indian jungle. But they were handsome teeth notwithstanding, and their flashing whiteness made an effective contrast to the clear sallow tint of the dentist's complexion.

Mr. Sheldon was a man of industrious habits—fond indeed of work, and distinguished by a persistent activity in the carrying out of any labor he had planned for himself. He was not prone to the indulgence of idle reveries or agreeable day-dreams. Thought with him was labor; it was the "thinking out" of future work to be done, and it was an operation as precise and mathematical as the actual labor that resulted therefrom. The contents of his brain were as well kept as a careful trader's ledger. He had his thoughts docketed and indexed, and rarely wasted the smallest portion of his time in searching for an idea. To-night he sat thinking until he was interrupted by a loud double-knock, which was evidently familiar to him, for he muttered "George!" pushed aside his desk, and took up his stand upon the hearth-rug, ready to receive the expected visitor.

There was the sound of a man's voice below—very like Philip Sheldon's own voice; then a quick firm tread on the stairs; and then the door was opened, and a man, who himself was very like Philip Sheldon, came into the room. This was the dentist's brother George, two years his junior. The likeness between the two men was in no way marvelous, but it was nevertheless very obvious. You could scarcely have mistaken one man for the other, but you could hardly have failed to perceive that the two men were brothers. They resembled each other more closely in form than in face. They were of the same height—both tall and strongly built; they had both black eyes with a hard brightness in them, black whiskers, black hair, sinewy hands with prominent knuckles, square finger-tops, and bony wrists. Each man seemed the personification of savage health and vigor, smoothed and sharpened in accordance with the prejudices of civilized life. Looking at these two men for the first time, you might approve or disapprove their appearance; they might impress you favorably or unfavorably; but you could scarcely fail to be reminded vaguely of strong, bright-eyed, savage creatures, beautiful and graceful after their kind, but dangerous and fatal to man.

The brothers greeted each other with a friendly nod. They were a great deal too practical to indulge in any sentimental display of fraternal affection. They liked each other very well, and were useful to each other, and took their pleasure together on those rare occasions when they were weak enough to waste time upon unprofitable pleasure; but neither of them would have comprehended the possibility of any thing beyond this.

"Well, old fellow," said George, "I'm glad you're back again. You're looking rather seedy, though. I suppose you knocked about a good deal down there?"

"I had a night or two of it with Halliday and the old set. He's going it rather fast."

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Sheldon the younger; "it's a pity he doesn't go it a little faster, and go off the hooks altogether, so that you might marry Georgy."

"How do I know that Georgy would have me, if he *did* leave her a widow?" asked Philip, dubiously.

"Oh, she'd have you fast enough. She used to be very sweet upon you before she married Tom; and even if she has forgotten all that, she'd have you if you asked her. She'd be afraid to say no. She was always more or less afraid of you, you know, Phil."

"I don't know about that. She was a nice little thing enough; but she knew how to drop a poor sweet-heart and take up with a rich one, in spite of her simplicity."

"Oh, that was the old parties' doing. Georgy would have jumped into a caldron of boiling oil if her mother and father had told her she must do it. Don't you remember when we were children together how afraid she used to be of spoiling her frocks? I don't believe she married Tom Halliday of her own free-will any more than she stood in the corner of her own free-will after she'd torn her frock, as I've seen her stand twenty times. She stood in the corner because they told her she must; and she married Tom for the same reason, and I don't suppose she's been particularly happy with him."

"Well, that's her look-out," answered Philip, gloomily; "I know I want a rich wife badly enough. Things are about as bad with me as they can be."

"I suppose they *are* rather piscatorial. The elderly dowagers don't come up to time, eh? Very few orders for the complete set at ten-pound-ten?"

"I took about seventy pounds last year," said the dentist, "and my expenses are something like five pounds a week. I've been making up the deficiency out of the money I got for my business, thinking I should be able to stand out and make a connection; but the connection gets more disconnected every year. I suppose people came to me at first for the novelty of the thing, for I had a sprinkling of decent patients for the first twelve months or so. But now I might as well throw my money into the gutter as spend it on circulars or advertisements."

"And a young woman with twenty thousand pounds and something amiss with her jaw hasn't turned up yet."

"No, nor an old woman either. I wouldn't stick at the age if the money was all right," answered Mr. Sheldon, bitterly.

The younger brother shrugged his shoulders and plunged his hands into his trowers-pockets with a gesture of serio-comic despair. He was the livelier of the two, and affected a slanginess of dress and talk and manner, a certain "horsey" style, very different from his elder brother's studied respectability of costume and bearing. His clothes were of a loose sporting cut, and always odorous with stale tobacco. He wore a good deal of finery in the shape of studs and pins and dangling lockets and fusee-boxes; his whiskers were more obtrusive than his brother's, and he wore a mustache in addition—a thick, ragged, black mustache, which would have become a guerrilla chieftain rather than a dweller amidst the quiet courts and squares of Gray's Inn. His position as a lawyer was not much better than that of Philip as a dentist; but he had his own plans for making a fortune, and hoped to win for himself a larger fortune than is often made in the law. He was a hunter of genealogies, and grubber-up of forgotten facts, a joiner of broken links, a kind of legal resurrectionist, a digger in the dust and ashes of the past; and he expected in due time to dig up a treasure rich enough to reward the labor and patience of half a lifetime.

"I can afford to wait till I'm forty for my good luck," he said to his brother sometimes in moments of expansion, "and then I shall have ten years in which to enjoy myself, and twenty more in which I shall have life enough left to eat good dinners and drink good wine, and grumble about the degeneracy of things in general, after the manner of elderly human nature."

The men stood one on each side of the hearth: George looking at his brother, Philip looking down at the fire, with his eyes shaded by their thick black lashes. The fire had become dull and hollow. George bent down presently and stirred the coals impatiently.

"If there's one thing I hate more than another—and I hate a good many things—it's a bad fire," he said. "How's Barlingford—lively as ever, I suppose?"

"Not much livelier than it was when we left it. Things have gone amiss with me in London, and I've been more than once sorely tempted to make an end of my difficulties with a razor or a few drops of prussic acid; but when I saw the dull gray streets, and the square gray houses, and the empty market-place, and the Baptist chapel, and the Unitarian chapel, and the big stony church, and heard the dreary bells ding-donging for evening service, I wondered how I could ever have existed a week in such a place. I had rather sweep a crossing in London than occupy the best house in Barlingford, and I told Tom Halliday so."

"And Tom is coming to London I understand by your letter."

"Yes, he has sold Hyley, and wants to find a place in the west of England. The north doesn't suit him. He and Georgy are coming up to town for a few weeks, so I've asked them to stay here. I may as well make some use of the house, for it's very little good in a professional sense."

"Humph!" muttered George; "I don't see your motive."

"I have no particular motive. Tom's a good fellow, and his company will be better than an empty house. The visit won't cost me any thing—Halliday is to go shares in the house-keeping."

"Well, you may find it answer that way," replied Mr. Sheldon the younger, who considered that every action of a man's life ought to be made to 'answer' in some way. "But I should think you would be rather bored by the arrangement; Tom's a very good fellow in his way, and a great friend of mine, but he's rather an empty-headed animal."

The subject dropped here, and the brothers went on talking of Barlingford and Barlingford people—the few remaining kindred whose existence made a kind of link between the two men and their native town, and the boon-companions of their early manhood. The dentist produced the remnant of a bottle of whisky from the sideboard for his own and his brother's refreshment; but the conversation flagged nevertheless. Philip Sheldon was dull and absent, answering his companion at random every now and then, much to that gentleman's aggravation; and he owned at last to being thoroughly tired and worn out.

"The journey from Barlingford in a slow train is no joke, you know, George, and I couldn't afford the express," he said, apologetically, when his brother upbraided him for his distraction of manner.

"Then I should think you'd better go to bed," answered Mr. Sheldon the younger, who had smoked a couple of cigars, and consumed the contents of the whisky-bottle with a due admixture of boiling water and lump-sugar; "so I'll take myself off. I told you how uncommonly seedy you were looking when I first came in. When do you expect Tom and his wife?"

"At the beginning of next week."

"So soon! Well, good-night, old fellow! I shall see you before they come, I dare say. You might as well drop in upon me at my place to-morrow night. I'm hard at work on a job."

"Your old kind of work?"

"Oh yes. I don't get much work of any other kind."

"And I'm afraid you'll never get much good out of that."

"I don't know. A man who sits down to whist gets a good many queer cards sometimes before he gets a handful of trumps; but the trump-cards are sure to come if he only sits long enough. Every man has his chance, depend upon it, Phil, if he knows how to watch for it; but there are so many men who get tired and go to sleep before their chances come to them. I've wasted a good deal of time and a good deal of labor; but the trumps are in the pack, and they must turn up sooner or later. Ta-ta!"

George Sheldon nodded and departed, whistling gayly as he walked away from his brother's door. Philip heard him, and turned his chair to the fire with a movement of impatience.

"You may be uncommonly clever, my dear George," soliloquized the dentist, "but you'll never make a fortune by reading wills and hunting in parish registers for heirs-at-law. A big lump of money is not very likely to go a-begging while any one who can fudge up the faintest pretense of a claim to it is above ground. No, no, my lad, you must find a better way than that before you'll make your fortune."

The fire had burned low again, and Mr. Sheldon sat staring gloomily at the blackening coals. Things were very bad with him—he had not cared to confess how bad they were when he had discussed his affairs with his brother. Those neighbors and passers-by who admired the trim brightness of the dentist's abode had no suspicion that the master of that respectable house was in the hands of the Jews, and that the hearth-stone which whitened his door-step was paid for out of Israelitish coffers. The dentist's philosophy was all of this world, and he knew that the soldier of fortune, who would fain be a conqueror in the great battle, must needs keep his plumage undrabbled and the golden facings of his uniform untarnished, let his wounds be never so desperate.

Having found his attempt to establish a practice in Fitzgeorge Street a failure, the only course open to Mr. Sheldon, as a man of the world, was to transfer his failure to somebody else, with more or less profit to himself. To this end he preserved the spotless purity of his muslin curtains, though the starch that stiffened them and the bleaching-powder that whitened them were bought with money for which he was to pay sixty per cent. To this end he nursed that wan shadow of a practice, and sustained that appearance of respectability which, in a world where appearance stands for so much, is in itself a kind of capital. It certainly was dull, dreary work to hold the citadel of No. 14 Fitzgeorge Street against the besieger Poverty; but the dentist stood his ground pertinaciously, knowing that, if he only waited long enough, the dupe who was to be his victim would come, and knowing also that there might arrive a day when it would be very useful for him to be able to refer to four years' unblemished respectability as a Bloomsbury householder. He had his lines set in several shady places for that unhappy fish with a small capital, and he had been tantalized by more than one nibble; but he made no open show of his desire to sell his business—since a business that is obviously in the market seems scarcely worth any man's purchase.

Things had of late grown worse with him every day; for every interval of twenty-four hours sinks a man so much the deeper in the mire when renewed accommodation-bills with his name upon them are ripening in the iron safes of Judah. Philip Sheldon found himself sinking gradually and almost imperceptibly into that bottomless-pit of difficulty in whose black depths the demon Insolvency holds his dreary court. While his little capital lasted he had kept himself clear of debt, but that being exhausted, and his practice growing worse day by day, he had been fain to seek assistance from money-lenders; and now even the money-lenders were tired of him. The chair in which he sat, the poker which he swung slowly to and fro, as he bent over his hearth, were not his own. One of his Jewish creditors had a bill of sale on his furniture, and he might come home any day to find the auctioneer's bills plastered against the wall of his house, and the auctioneer's clerk busy with the catalogue of his possessions. If the expected victim came now to buy his practice, the sacrifice would be made too late to serve his interest. The men who had lent him money would be the sole gainers by the bargain.

Seldom does a man find himself face to face with a blacker prospect than that which lay before Philip Sheldon; and yet his manner to-night was not the dull, blank apathy of despair. It was the manner of a man whose brain is occupied with busy thoughts; who has some elaborate scheme to map out and arrange before he is called upon to carry his plans into action.

"It would be a good business for me," he muttered, "if I had pluck enough to carry it through."

The fire went quite out as he sat swinging the poker backward and forward. The clocks of Bloomsbury and St. Pancras struck twelve, and still Philip Sheldon pondered and plotted by that dreary hearth. The servants had retired at eleven, after a good deal of blundering with bars and shutters, and unnecessary banging of doors. That unearthly silence peculiar to houses after midnight reigned in Mr. Sheldon's domicile, and he could hear the voices of distant roysterers and the miauling of neighboring cats with a painful distinctness as he sat brooding in his silent room. The fact that a mahogany chiffonnier in a corner gave utterance to a faint groan occasionally, as of some feeble creature in pain, afforded him no annoyance. He was superior to superstitions fancies, and all the rappings and scratchings of spirit-land would have failed to disturb his equanimity. He was a strictly practical man—one of those men who are always ready, with a stump of lead-pencil and the back of a letter, to reduce every thing in creation to figures.

"I had better read-up that business before they come," he said, when he had to all appearance "thought out" the subject of his reverie. "No time so good as this for doing it quietly. One never knows who is spying about in the daytime."

He looked at his watch, and then went to a cupboard, where there were bundles of wood and matches and old newspapers—for it was his habit to light his own fire occasionally when he worked unusually late at night or early in the morning. He relighted his fire now as cleverly as any house-maid in Bloomsbury, and stood watching it till it burned briskly. Then he lit a taper and went down stairs to the professional torture-chamber. The tall horse-hair chair looked unutterably awful in the dim glimmer of the taper, and a nervous person could almost have fancied it occupied by the ghost of some patient who had expired under the agony of the forceps. Mr. Sheldon lighted the gas in a movable branch which he was in the habit of turning almost into the mouths of the patients who consulted him at night. There was a cupboard on each side of the mantle-piece, and it was in these two cupboards that the dentist kept his professional library. His books did not form a very valuable collection, but he kept the cupboards constantly locked nevertheless.

He took the key from his waistcoat-pocket, opened one of the cupboards, and took out a pile of heavy books. They were bound volumes of *The Lancet*, and they were almost as much as he could carry. But he managed to pack them in his arms, and conveyed them safely to the room above, where he seated himself under the gas with the volumes before him. He sat looking through these volumes, stopping now and then to read an article with studious attention, and

making numerous notes in a thick little oblong memorandum-book, until the Bloomsbury clocks struck three.

CHAPTER III.

MR. AND MRS. HALLIDAY.

MR. SHELDON'S visitors arrived in due course. They were provincial people of the middle-class, accounted monstrously genteel in their own neighborhood, but in nowise resembling Londoners of the same rank.

Mr. Thomas Halliday was a big, loud-spoken, good-tempered Yorkshireman, who had inherited a comfortable little estate from a plodding, money-making father, and for whom life had been very easy. He was a farmer, and nothing but a farmer; a man for whom the supremest pleasure of existence was a cattle-show or a country horse-fair. The farm upon which he had been born and brought up was situated about six miles from Barlingford, and all the delights of his boyhood and youth were associated with that small market-town. He and the two Sheldons had been school-fellows, and afterward boon companions, taking such pleasure as was obtainable in Barlingford together; flirting with the same provincial beauties at prim tea-parties in the winter, and getting up friendly picnics in the summer—picnics at which eating and drinking were the leading features of the day's entertainment. Mr. Halliday had always regarded George and Philip Sheldon with that reverential admiration which a stupid man, who is conscious of his own mental inferiority, generally feels for a clever friend and companion. But he was also fully aware of the advantage which a rich man possesses over a poor one, and would not have exchanged the fertile acres of Hyley for the intellectual gifts of his school-fellows. He had found the substantial value of his handsomely-furnished house and well-stocked farm when he and his friend Philip Sheldon became suitors for the hand of Georgina Cradock, youngest daughter of a Barlingford attorney, who lived next door to the Barlingford dentist, Philip Sheldon's father. Philip and the girl had been play-fellows in the long walled gardens behind the two houses, and there had been a brotherly and sisterly intimacy between the juvenile members of the two families. But when Philip and Georgina met at the Barlingford tea-parties in later years the parental powers frowned upon any renewal of that childish friendship. Miss Cradock had no portion, and the worthy solicitor her father was a prudent man, who was apt to look for the promise of domestic happiness in the plate-basket and the linen-press, rather than for such superficial qualifications as black whiskers and white teeth. So poor Philip was "thrown over the bridge," as he said himself, and Georgy Cradock married Mr. Halliday, with all attendant ceremony and splendor, according to the "lights" of Barlingford gentry.

But this provincial bride's story was no passionate record of anguish and tears. The Barlingford Juliet had liked Romeo as much as she was capable of liking any one; but when Papa Capulet insisted on her union with Paris she accepted her destiny with decent resignation, and in the absence of any sympathetic father confessor, was fain to seek consolation from a more mundane individual in the person of the Barlingford milliner. Nor did Philip Sheldon give evidence of any extravagant despair. His father was something of a doctor as well as a dentist; and there were plenty of dark little vials lurking on the shelves of his surgery in which the young man could have found "mortal drugs" without the aid of the apothecary, had he been so minded. Happily no such desperate idea ever occurred to him in connection with his grief. He held himself sulkily aloof from Mr. and Mrs. Halliday for some time after their marriage, and allowed people to see that he considered himself very hardly used; but prudence, which had always been Philip Sheldon's counselor, proved herself also his consoler in this crisis of his life. A careful consideration of his own interests led him to perceive that the successful result of his love-suit would have been about the worst thing that could have happened to him.

Georgina had no money. All was said in that. As the young dentist's philosophy of this world ripened under the influence of experience he discovered that the worldly ease of the best man in Barlingford was something like that of a canary-bird who inhabits a clean cage and is supplied with abundant seed and water. The cage is eminently comfortable, and the sleepy, respectable, elderly bird sighs for no better abiding-place, no wider prospect than that patch of the universe which he sees between the bars. But now and then there is hatched a wild young fledgling, which beats its wings against the inexorable wires, and would fain soar away into that wide outer world, to prosper or perish in its freedom.

Before Georgy had been married a year her sometime lover had fully resigned himself to the existing state of things, and was on the best possible terms with his friend Tom. He could eat his dinner in the comfortable house at Hyley with an excellent appetite; for there was a gulf between him and his old love far wider than any that had been dug by that ceremonial in the parish church of Barlingford. Philip Sheldon had awakened to the consciousness that life in his native town was little more than a kind of animal vegetation—the life of some pulpy, invertebrate creature, which sprawls helplessly upon the sands whereon the wave has deposited it, and may be cloven in half without feeling itself noticeably worse for the operation. He had awakened to the knowledge that there was a wider and more agreeable world beyond that little provincial borough, and that a handsome face and figure and a vigorous intellect were commodities for which there must be some kind of market.

Once convinced of the utter worthlessness of his prospects in Barlingford, Mr. Sheldon turned his eyes Londonward; and his father happening at this time very conveniently to depart this life, Philip, the son and heir, disposed of the business to an aspiring young practitioner, and came to the metropolis, where he made that futile attempt to establish himself which has been described.

The dentist had wasted four years in London, and nine years had gone by since Georgy's wedding; and now for the first time he had an opportunity of witnessing the domestic happiness or the domestic misery of the woman who had jilted him, and the man who had been his successful rival. He set himself to watch them with the cool deliberation of a social anatomist, and he experienced very little difficulty in the performance of this moral dissection. They were established under his roof, his companions at every meal; and they were the kind of people who discuss their grievances and indulge in their "little differences" with perfect freedom in the presence of a third, or a fourth, or even a fifth party.

Mr. Sheldon was wise enough to preserve a strict neutrality. He would take up a newspaper at the beginning of a little difference, and lay it down when the little difference was finished, with the most perfect assumption of unconsciousness; but it is doubtful whether the matrimonial disputants were sufficiently appreciative of this good-breeding. They would have liked to have had Mr. Sheldon for a court of appeal; and a little interference from him would have given zest to their quarrels. Meanwhile Philip watched them slyly from the covert of his newspaper, and formed his own conclusions about them. If he was pleased to see his false love's path was not entirely rose-bestrewn, or if he rejoiced at beholding the occasional annoyance of his rival, he allowed no evidence of his pleasure to appear in his face or manner.

Georgina Cradock's rather insipid prettiness had developed into matronly comeliness. Her fair complexion and pink cheeks had lost none of their freshness. Her smooth auburn hair was as soft and bright as it had been when she had braided it preparatory to a Barlingford tea-party in the days of her spinsterhood. She was a pretty, weak little woman, whose education had never gone beyond the routine of a provincial boarding-school, and who thought that she had attained all necessary wisdom in having mastered Pinnock's abridgments of Goldsmith's histories and the rudiments of the French language. She was a woman who thought that the perfection of feminine costume was a moire-antique dress and a conspicuous gold chain. She was a woman who considered a well-furnished house and a horse and gig the highest form of earthly splendor or prosperity.

This was the shallow commonplace creature whom Philip Sheldon had once admired and wooed. He looked at her now, and wondered how he could ever have felt even as much as he had felt on her account. But he had little leisure to devote to any such abstract and useless consideration. He had his own affairs to think about, and they were very desperate.

In the mean time Mr. and Mrs. Halliday occupied themselves in the pursuit of pleasure or business, as the case might be. They were eager for amusement: went to exhibitions in the day and to theatres at night, and came home to cozy little suppers in Fitzgeorge Street, after which Mr. Halliday was wont to waste the small hours in friendly conversation with his quondam companion, and in the consumption of much brandy-and-water.

Unhappily for poor Georgy, these halcyon days were broken by intervals of storm and cloud. The weak little woman was afflicted with that intermittent fever called jealousy; and the stalwart Thomas was one of those men who can scarcely give the time of day to a feminine acquaintance without some ornate and loud-spoken gallantry. Having no intellectual resources wherewith to beguile the tedium of his idle prosperous life, he was fain to seek pleasure in the companionship of other men; and had thus become a haunter of tavern-parlors and small race-courses, being always ready for any amusement his friends proposed to him. It followed, therefore, that he was very often absent from his commonplace, substantial home and his pretty weak-minded wife. And poor Georgy had ample food for her jealous fears and suspicions; for where might a man not be who was so seldom at home? She had never been particularly fond of her husband, but that was no reason why she should not be particularly jealous about him; and her jealousy betrayed itself in a peevish worrying fashion, which was harder to bear than the vengeful ferocity of a Clytemnestra. It was in vain that Thomas Halliday and those jolly good fellows his friends and companions attested the Arcadian innocence of race-courses, and the perfect purity of that smoky atmosphere peculiar to tavern-parlors. Georgy's suspicions were too vague for refutation; but they were nevertheless sufficient ground for all the alternations of temper—from stolid sulkiness to peevish whining, from murmured lamentations to loud hysterics—to which the female temperament is liable.

In the mean time poor honest, loud-spoken Tom did all in his power to demonstrate his truth and devotion. He bought his wife many stiff silk-gowns and gaudy Barlingford bonnets as she chose to sigh for. He made a will, in which she was sole legatee, and insured his life in different offices to the amount of five thousand pounds.

"I'm the sort of fellow that's likely to go off the hooks suddenly, you know, Georgy," he said, "and your poor dad was always anxious I should make things square for you. I don't suppose you're likely to marry again, my lass, so I've no need to tie up Lottie's little fortune. I must trust some one, and I'd better confide in my own little wife than in some canting methodistical fellow of a trustee, who would speculate my daughter's money upon some Stock-Exchange hazard, and levant to Australia when it was all swamped. If you can't trust me, Georgy, I'll let you see that I can trust you," added Tom, reproachfully.

Whereupon poor weak little Mrs. Halliday murmured plaintively that she did not want fortunes or life-insurances, but that she wanted her husband to stay at home, content with the calm and rather sleepy delights of his own fireside. Poor Tom was wont to promise amendment, and would keep his promise faithfully so long as no supreme temptation, in the shape of a visit from some friend of the jolly-good-fellow species, arose to vanquish his good resolutions. But a good-tempered, generous-hearted young man who farms his own land, has three or four good horses in his stable, a decent cellar of honest port and sherry—none of your wishy-washy sour stuff in the way of hock or claret—and a very comfortable balance at his banker's, finds it no easy matter to shake off friends of the jolly-good-fellow fraternity. Is it not the specialty of "jolly dogs" to be "here again," whether you will or no?

In London Mr. Halliday found the spirit of jolly-dog-ism rampant. George Sheldon had always been his favorite of the two brothers; and it was George who lured him from the safe shelter of Fitzgeorge Street and took him to mysterious haunts, whence he returned long after midnight, boisterous of manner and unsteady of gait, and with garments reeking of stale tobacco-smoke.

He was always good-tempered, even after these diabolical orgies on some unknown Brocken, and protested indistinctly that there was no harm "'pon m' wor', ye know, ol' gur'! Geor' an' me—half-doz' oyst'r—c'gar—botl' p'l ale—str't home," and much more to the same effect. When did any married man ever take *more* than half a dozen oysters—or take any undomestic pleasure for his *own* satisfaction? It is always those incorrigible bachelors, Thomas, Richard, or Henry, who hinder the unwilling Benedict from returning to his sacred Lares and Penates.

Poor Georgy was not to be pacified by protestations about oysters and cigars from the lips of a husband who was thick of utterance, and who betrayed a general imbecility of mind and unsteadiness of body. This London excursion, which had begun in sunshine, threatened to end in storm and darkness. George Sheldon and his set had taken possession of the young farmer; and Georgy had no better amusement in the long blusterous March evenings than to sit at her work under the flaming gas in Mr. Sheldon's drawing-room, while that gentleman—who rarely joined in the dissipations of his friend and his brother—occupied himself with mechanical dentistry in the chamber of torture below.

Fitzgeorge Street in general, always on the watch to discover evidences of impecuniosity or doubtful morality on the part of any one citizen in particular, could find no food for scandal in the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Halliday to their friend and countryman. It had been noised abroad, through the agency of Mrs. Woolper, that Mr. Sheldon had been a suitor for the lady's hand, and had been jilted by her. The Fitzgeorgians had been, therefore, especially on the alert to detect any sign of backsliding in the dentist. There would have been much pleasant discussion in kitchens and back-parlors if Mr. Sheldon had been particularly attentive to his fair guest; but it speedily became known, always by the agency of Mrs. Woolper and that phenomenon of idleness and iniquity, the London "girl," that Mr. Sheldon was not by any means attentive to the pretty young woman from Yorkshire—but that he suffered her to sit alone hour after hour in her husband's absence—with no amusement but her needle-work wherewith to "pass the time," while he scraped and filed and polished those fragments of bone which were to assist in the renovation of decayed beauty.

The third week of Mr. and Mrs. Halliday's visit was near its close, and as yet the young farmer had arrived at no decision as to the subject which had brought him to London. The sale of Hyley Farm was an accomplished fact; and the purchase-money duly bestowed at Tom's banker's; but very little had been done toward finding the new property which was to be a substitute for the estate his father and grandfather had farmed before him. He had seen auctioneers, and had brought home plans of estates in Herefordshire and Devonshire, Cornwall and Somersetshire, all of which seemed to be, in their way, the most perfect things imaginable—land of such fertility as one would scarcely expect to find out of Arcadia—live-stock which seemed beyond all price to be taken at a valuation—roads and surrounding neighborhood unparalleled in beauty and convenience—outbuildings that must have been the very archetypes of barns and stables—a house which to inhabit would be to adore. But as yet he had seen none of these peerless domains. He was waiting for decent weather in which to run down to the West and "look about him," as he said himself. In the mean time the blusterous March weather, which was so unsuited to long railroad journeys, and all that waiting about at junctions and at little windy stations on branch-lines, incidental to the inspection of estates scattered over a large area of country, served very well for "jolly-dog-ism"—and what with a hand at cards in George Sheldon's chambers, and another hand at cards in somebody else's chambers, and a run down to an early meeting at Newmarket, and an evening at some rooms where there was something to be seen which was as near prize-fighting as the law allowed, and other evenings in unknown regions, Mr. Halliday found time slipping by him, and his domestic peace vanishing away.

It was on an evening at the end of this third week that Mr. Sheldon abandoned his mechanical dentistry for once in a way and ascended to the drawing-room, where poor Georgy sat busy with that eternal needle-work, but for which melancholy madness would surely overtake many desolate matrons in houses whose commonplace comfort and respectable dullness are more dismal than the picturesque dreariness of a moated grange amidst the Lincolnshire fens. To the masculine mind this needle-work seems nothing more than a purposeless stabbing and sewing of strips of calico; but to lonely womanhood it is the prison-flower of the captive, it is the spider of Latude.

Mr. Sheldon brought his guest an evening newspaper.

"There's an account of the opening of Parliament," he said, "which you may perhaps like to see. I wish I had a piano, or some female acquaintances to drop in upon you. I'm afraid you must be dull in these long evenings when Tom is out of the way."

"I am indeed dull," Mrs. Halliday answered, peevishly; "and if Tom cared for me, he wouldn't leave me like this evening after evening. But he doesn't care for me."

Mr. Sheldon laid down the newspaper, and seated himself opposite his guest. He sat for a few minutes in silence, beating time to some imaginary air with the tips of his fingers on the old-fashioned mahogany table. Then he said, with a half-smile upon his face:

"But surely Tom is the best of husbands! He has been a little wild since his coming to London, I know; but then you see he doesn't often come to town."

"He's just as bad in Yorkshire," Georgy answered, gloomily; "he is always going to Barlingford with somebody or other, or to meet some of his old friends. I'm sure, if I had known what he was, I would never have married him."

"Why, I thought he was such a good husband. He was telling me only a few days ago how he had made a will leaving you every sixpence he possesses, without reservation, and how he has insured his life for five thousand pounds."

"Oh yes, I know that; but I don't call *that* being a good husband. I don't want him to leave me his money. I don't want him to die. I want him to stay at home."

"Poor Tom! I'm afraid he's not the sort of man for that kind of thing. He likes change and amusement. You married a rich man, Mrs. Halliday; you made your choice, you know, without regard to the feelings of any one else. You sacrificed truth and honor to your own inclination, or your own interest, I do not know, and I do not ask which. If the bargain has turned out a bad one that's your look-out."

Philip Sheldon sat with his folded arms resting on the little table, and his eyes fixed on Georgy's face. They could be very stern and hard and cruel, those bright black eyes, and Mrs. Halliday grew first red and then pale under their searching gaze. She had seen Mr. Sheldon very often during the years of her married life, but this was the first time he had ever said any thing to her that sounded like a reproach. The dentist's eyes softened a little as he watched her, not with any special tenderness, but with an expression of half-disdainful compassion—such as a strong, stern man might feel for a foolish child. He could see that this woman was afraid of him, and it served his interests that she should fear him. He had a purpose in every thing he did, and his purpose to-night was to test the strength of his influence over Georgina Halliday. In the old time before her marriage that influence had been very strong. It was for him to discover now whether it still endured.

"You made your choice, Mrs. Halliday," he went on presently, "and it was a choice which all prudent people must have approved. What chance had a man, who was only heir to a practice worth four or five hundred pounds, against the inheritor of Hyley Farm, with its two hundred and fifty acres, and three thousand pounds' worth of live-stock, plant, and working capital? When do the prudent people ever stop to consider truth and honor, or old promises, or an affection that dates from childhood? They calculate every thing by pounds, shillings, and pence; and according to their mode of reckoning you were in the right when you jilted me to marry Tom Halliday."

Georgy laid down her work and took out her handkerchief. She was one of those women who take refuge in tears when they find themselves at a disadvantage. Tears had always melted honest Tom, was his wrath never so dire, and tears would no doubt subdue Philip Sheldon.

But Georgy had to discover that the dentist was made of a stuff very different from that softer clay which composed the rollicking good-tempered farmer. Mr. Sheldon watched her tears with the cold-blooded deliberation of a scientific experimentalist. He was glad to find that he could make her cry. She was a necessary instrument in the working out of certain plans that he had made for himself, and he was anxious to discover whether she was likely to be a plastic instrument. He knew that her love for him had never been worth much at its best, and that the poor little flickering flame had been utterly extinguished by nine years of commonplace domesticity and petty jealousy. But his purpose was one that would be served as well by her fear as by her love, and he had set himself to-night to gauge his power in relation to this poor weak creature.

"It's very unkind of you to say such dreadful things, Mr. Sheldon," she whimpered presently; "you know very well that my marriage with Tom was pa's doing, and not mine. I'm

sure if I'd known how he would stay out night after night, and come home in such dreadful states time after time, I never would have consented to marry him."

"Wouldn't you? Oh yes, you would! If you were a widow to-morrow, and free to marry again, you would choose just such another man as Tom—a man who laughs loud, and pays flourishing compliments, and drives a gig with a high-stepping horse. That's the sort of man women like, and that's the sort of man you'd marry."

"I'm sure I shouldn't marry at all," answered Mrs. Halliday, in a voice that was broken by little gasping sobs. "I have seen enough of the misery of married life. But I don't want Tom to die, unkind as he is to me. People are always saying that he won't make old bones—how horrid it is to talk of a person's bones!—and I'm sure I sometimes make myself wretched about him, as he knows, though he doesn't thank me for it."

And here Mrs. Halliday's sobs got the better of her utterance, and Mr. Sheldon was fain to say something of a consolatory nature.

"Come, come," he said, "I won't tease you any more. That's against the laws of hospitality, isn't it?—only there are some things which you can't expect a man to forget, you know. However, let by-gones be by-gones. As for poor old Tom, I dare say he'll live to be a hale, hearty old man, in spite of the croakers. People always will croak about something; and it's a kind of fashion to say that a big, hearty, six-foot man is a fragile blossom likely to be nipped by any wintry blast. Come, come, Mrs. Halliday, your husband mustn't discover that I've been making you cry when he comes home. He may be home early this evening, perhaps; and if he is, we'll have an oyster supper and a chat about old times."

Mrs. Halliday shook her head dolefully.

"It's past ten o'clock already," she said, "and I don't suppose Tom will be home till after twelve. He doesn't like my sitting up for him; but I wonder *what* time he would come home if I didn't sit up for him?"

"Let's hope for the best," exclaimed Mr. Sheldon, cheerfully. "I'll go and see about the oysters."

"Don't get them for me or for Tom," protested Mrs. Halliday; "he will have had his supper when he comes home, you may be sure, and I couldn't eat a morsel of any thing."

To this resolution Mrs. Halliday adhered; so the dentist was fain to abandon all jovial ideas in relation to oysters and pale ale. But he did not go back to his mechanical dentistry. He sat opposite his visitor, and watched her, silently and thoughtfully, for some time as she worked. She had brushed away her tears, but she looked very peevish and miserable, and took out her watch several times in an hour. Mr. Sheldon made two or three feeble attempts at conversation, but the talk languished and expired on each occasion, and they sat on in silence.

Little by little the dentist's attention seemed to wander away from his guest. He wheeled his chair round and sat looking at the fire, with the same fixed gloom upon his face which had darkened it on the night of his return from Yorkshire. Things had been so desperate with him of late that he had lost his old orderly habit of thinking out a business at one sitting, and making an end of all deliberation and hesitation about it. There were subjects that forced themselves upon his thoughts, and certain ideas which repeated themselves with a stupid persistence. He was such an eminently practical man that this disorder of his brain troubled him more even than the thoughts that made the disorder. He sat in the same attitude for a long while, scarcely conscious of Mrs. Halliday's presence, not at all conscious of the progress of time.

Georgy had been right in her gloomy forebodings of bad behavior on the part of Mr. Halliday. It was nearly one o'clock when a loud double knock announced that gentleman's return. The wind had been howling drearily, and a sharp, slanting rain had been pattering against the windows for the last half hour, while Mrs. Halliday's breast had been racked by the contending emotions of anxiety and indignation.

"I suppose he couldn't get a cab," she exclaimed, as the knock startled her from her listening attitude; for however intently a midnight watcher may be listening for the returning wanderer's knock, it is not the less startling when it comes. "And he has walked home through the wet, and now he'll have a violent cold, I dare say," added Georgy, peevishly.

"Then it's lucky for him he's in a doctor's house," answered Mr. Sheldon, with a smile. He was a handsome man no doubt, according to the popular idea of masculine perfection, but he had *not* a pleasant smile. "I went through the regular routine, you know, and am as well able to see a patient safely through a cold or a fever as I am to make him a set of teeth."

Mr. Halliday burst into the room at this moment, singing a fragment of the "Chough and Crow" chorus, very much out of tune. He was in boisterously high spirits, and very little the worse for liquor. He had only walked from Covent Garden, he said, and had taken nothing but a tankard of stout and a Welsh rarebit. He had been hearing the divinest singing—boys with the voices of angels—and had been taking his supper in a place which duchesses themselves did not disdain to peep at from the sacred recesses of a *loge grillée*, George Sheldon had told him. But poor country-bred Georgina Halliday would not believe in the duchesses, or the angelic singing-boys, or the primitive simplicity of Welsh rarebits. She had a vision of beautiful women, and halls of dazzling light; where there was the mad music of perpetual post-horn galops, with a riotous accompaniment of huzzas, and the popping of Champagne corks; where the sheen of satin and the glitter of gems bewildered the eye of the beholder. She had seen such a picture once on the stage, and had vaguely associated it with all Tom's midnight roysterings ever afterward.

The roysterer's garments were very wet, and it was in vain that his wife and Philip Sheldon entreated him to change them for dry ones, or to go to bed immediately. He stood before the fire relating his innocent adventures, and trying to dispel the cloud from Georgy's fair young brow; and, when he did at last consent to go to his room, the dentist shook his head ominously.

"You'll have a severe cold to-morrow, depend upon it, Tom, and you'll have yourself to thank for it," he said, as he bade the good-tempered reprobate good-night.

"Never mind, old fellow," answered Tom; "if I am ill, you shall nurse me. If one is doomed to die by doctor's stuff, it's better to have a doctor one does know than a doctor one doesn't know for one's executioner."

After which graceful piece of humor Mr. Halliday went blundering up the staircase, followed by his aggrieved wife.

Philip Sheldon stood on the landing looking after his visitors for some minutes. Then he went slowly back to the sitting-room, where he replenished the fire, and seated himself before it with a newspaper in his hand.

"What's the use of going to bed if I can't sleep?" he muttered, in a discontented tone.

MRS. HALLIDAY IS REPROACHED.

CHAPTER IV.

A PERPLEXING ILLNESS.

MR. SHELDON'S prophecy was fully realized. Tom Halliday awoke the next day with a violent cold in his head. Like most big boisterous men of Herculean build, he was the veriest craven in the hour of physical ailment; so he succumbed at once to the malady which a man obliged to face the world and fight for his daily bread must needs have made light of.

The dentist rallied his invalid friend.

"Keep your bed, if you like, Tom," he said, "but there's no necessity for any such coddling. As your hands are hot, and your tongue rather queer, I may as well give you a saline draught. You'll be all right by dinner-time, and I'll get George to look round in the evening for a hand at cards."

Tom obeyed his professional friend—took his medicine, read the paper, and slept away the best part of the dull March day. At half past five he got up and dressed for dinner, and the evening passed very pleasantly; so pleasantly, indeed, that Georgy was half inclined to wish that her husband might be afflicted with chronic influenza, whereby he would be compelled to stop at home. She sighed when Philip Sheldon slapped his friend's broad shoulder, and told him cheerily that he would be "all right to-morrow." He would be well again, and there would be more midnight roystering, and she would be again tormented by that vision of lighted halls and beautiful diabolical creatures revolving madly to the music of the Post-horn Galop.

It seemed, however, that poor jealous Mrs. Halliday was to be spared her nightly agony for some time to come. Tom's cold lasted longer than he had expected, and the cold was succeeded by a low fever—a bilious fever, Mr. Sheldon said. There was not the least occasion for alarm, of course. The invalid and the invalid's wife trusted implicitly in the friendly doctor, who assured them both that Tom's attack was the most ordinary kind of thing; a little wearing, no doubt, but entirely without danger. He had to repeat this assurance very often to Georgy, whose angry feelings had given place to extreme tenderness and affection now that Tom was an invalid, quite unfitted for the society of jolly-good-fellows, and willing to receive basins of beef-tea and arrow-root meekly from his wife's hands, instead of those edibles of iniquity, oysters and toasted cheese.

Mr. Halliday's illness was very tiresome. It was one of those perplexing complaints which keep the patient himself, and the patient's friends and attendants, in perpetual uncertainty. A little worse one day, and a shade better the next; now gaining a little strength, now losing a trifle more than he had gained; the patient declined in an imperceptible manner, and it was only when he had been ill three weeks, and was no longer able to leave his bed, and had lost alike his appetite and his spirits, it was then only that Georgy awoke to the fact that this illness, hitherto considered so lightly, must be very serious.

"I think, if—if you have no objection, I should like to see another doctor, Mr. Sheldon," she said, one day, with considerable embarrassment of manner. She feared to offend her host by any doubt of his skill. "You see—you—you are so much employed with teeth—and—of course you know I am quite assured of your talent—but don't you think that a doctor who had more experience in fever cases might bring Tom round quicker? He has been ill so long now; and really he doesn't seem to get any better."

Philip Sheldon shrugged his shoulders.

"As you please, my dear Mrs. Halliday," he said, carelessly; "I don't wish to press my services upon you. It is quite a matter of friendship, you know, and I shall not profit six-pence by my attendance on poor old Tom. Call in another doctor, by all means, if you think fit to do so; but, of course, in that event, I must withdraw from the case. The man you call in may be clever, or he may be stupid and ignorant. It's all a chance, when one doesn't know one's man; and I really can't advise you upon that point, for I know nothing of the London profession."

Georgy looked alarmed. This was a new view of the subject. She had fancied that all regular practitioners were clever, and had only doubted Mr. Sheldon because he was not a regular practitioner. But how if she were to withdraw her husband from the hands of a clever man to deliver him into the care of an ignorant pretender, simply because she was over-anxious for his recovery?

"I always am foolishly anxious about things," she thought.

And then she looked piteously at Mr. Sheldon, and said:

"What do you think I ought to do? Pray tell me! He has eaten no breakfast again this morning; and even the cup of tea which I persuaded him to take seemed to disagree with him. And then there is that dreadful sore throat which torments him so. What ought I to do, Mr. Sheldon?"

"Whatever seems best to yourself, Mrs. Halliday," answered the dentist, earnestly. "It is a subject upon which I can not pretend to advise you. It is a matter of feeling rather than of reason, and it is a matter which you yourself must determine. If I knew any man whom I could honestly recommend to you it would be another affair, but I don't. Tom's illness is the simplest thing in the world, and I feel myself quite competent to pull him through it, without fuss or bother; but if you think otherwise, pray put me out of the question. There's one fact, however, of which I am bound to remind you. Like many fine, big, stalwart fellows of his stamp, your husband is as nervous as a hysterical woman; and if you call in a strange doctor, who will pull long faces, and put on the professional solemnity, the chances are that he'll take alarm, and do himself more mischief in a few hours than your new adviser can undo in as many weeks."

There was a little pause after this. Georgy's opinions, and suspicions, and anxieties were alike vague; and this last suggestion of Mr. Sheldon's put things in a new and alarming light. She was really anxious about her husband, but she had been accustomed all her life to accept the opinion of other people in preference to her own.

"Do you really think that Tom will soon be well and strong again?" she asked, presently.

"If I thought otherwise I should be the first to advise other measures. However, my dear Mrs. Halliday, call in some one else, for your own satisfaction."

"No," said Georgy, sighing plaintively, "it might frighten Tom. You are quite right, Mr. Sheldon; he is very nervous, and the idea that I was alarmed might alarm him. I'll trust in you. Pray try to bring him round again. You will try, won't you?" she asked, in the childish pleading way which was peculiar to her.

The dentist was searching for something in the drawer of a table, and his back was turned upon that anxious questioner.

"You may depend upon it I'll do my best, Mrs. Halliday," he answered, still busy at the drawer.

Mr. Sheldon the younger had paid many visits to Fitzgeorge Street during Tom Halliday's illness. George and Tom had been the Damon and Pythias of Barlingford; and George seemed really distressed when he found his friend changed for the worse. The changes in the invalid were so puzzling, the alternations from better to worse, and from worse to better, so frequent, that fear could take no hold upon the minds of the patient's friends. It seemed such a very slight affair this low fever, though sufficiently inconvenient to the patient himself, who suffered a good deal from thirst and sickness, and showed an extreme disinclination for food, all which symptoms Mr. Sheldon said were the commonest and simplest features of a very mild attack of bilious fever, which would leave Tom a better man than it had found him.

There had been several pleasant little card-parties during the earlier stages of Mr. Halliday's illness; but within the last week the patient had been too low and weak for cards; too weak to read the newspaper, or even to bear having it read to him. When George came to look at his old friend, "to cheer you up a little, old fellow! you know," and so on, he found Tom, for the time being, past all capability of being cheered, even by the genial society of his favorite jolly-good-fellow, or by tidings of a steeple-chase in Yorkshire, in which a neighbor had gone to grief over a double fence.

"That chap up stairs seems rather queerish," George had said to his brother, after finding Tom lower and weaker than usual. "He's in a bad way, isn't he, Phil?"

"No; there's nothing serious the matter with him. He's rather low to-night, that's all."

"Rather low!" echoed George Sheldon. "He seems to me so very low that he can't sink much lower without going to the bottom of his grave. I'd call some one in if I were you."

The dentist shrugged his shoulders, and made a little contemptuous noise with his lips.

"If you knew as much of doctors as I do you wouldn't be in any hurry to trust a friend to the mercy of one," he said, carelessly. "Don't you alarm yourself about Tom. He's right enough. He's been in a state of chronic overeating and overdrinking for the last ten years, and this bilious fever will be the making of him."

"Will it?" said George, doubtfully; and then there followed a little pause, during which the brothers happened to look at each other furtively, and happened to surprise each other in the act.

"I don't know about overeating or drinking," said George, presently; "but *something* has disagreed with Tom Halliday, that's very evident."

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The above report fully accords with the almost unanimous opinion of the best *impartial* judges and Sewing Machine experts, as well as of all others who have used this unrivaled machine, which is incomparably the most *simple in construction*; the most *efficient in operation*; the most *easy, rapid*, and *noiseless of movement*; the most *economical* and *durable in use*; and the *most complete in the variety and perfection of its attachments for every kind of work*, and therefore infinitely the *most perfect Family Sewing Machine*, for which purpose its superiority is preeminent and unquestioned.
Machines (*which are warranted for two years*) forwarded to any part of the world, with printed instructions (which will enable any one to operate them without the slightest difficulty) for use, on receipt of the price in current funds or by draft; or they may be sent, payment to be collected on delivery, on receipt of satisfactory assurance that it will then be made; and all orders from a distance will be as faithfully filled as if a personal visit and selection had been made.
Liberal Arrangements made with parties of energy, good standing, and capital, who may wish to engage in the sale of these machines, as agents, in such territory as yet remains unoccupied; for further information in regard to which, and for private circular, address ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, No. 543 Broadway, New York.

WHISKERS.
Dr. LAMONTE'S CORROLIA will force Whiskers or Mustaches on the smoothest face or chin. Never known to fail. Sample for trial sent free. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau Street, New York.

BINOCHROMATICS.—Ag'ts wanted. $5 a day clear profit in selling, manufacturing, or teaching. (Business easy and light.) Any person can do it. Instructions sent free on receipt of 3-cent stamp. Address A. THOMAS & CO., 264 Washington St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A GOOD AND AMUSING TRICK.
The Disappearing Picture. Price 25c. Ag'ts supplied, $2 per doz. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y.

$5 SEWING MACHINE. $5
FIRST PREMIUM and IMPROVED, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May 13, 1862; Improvement patented June 9, 1863.* The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, is NOISELESS in operation, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN stitches to each evolution of the wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has received the approval of all the principal journals, and of those who have USED it.
"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly does the stitching exactly like hand-sewing.—*New York Tribune.*
Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Address all orders, FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

An Autumn Suggestion.
Now, as heavy fogs arise and searching winds commence to blow; now, as the human body, exhausted like inanimate nature by the heats of summer, begins to wilt and droop; now, ere the inclement winter makes its trying onset; NOW is the time for a preparatory course of the best acclimating medicine in existence,
HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.
Fever and Ague is rampant in all parts of the country. Quinine, the physicians admit, will not quell the phase of the disease which at present pervades the entire West. It is well that it is so, for the remedy (so-called) is deadlier than the malady. But if quinine is inefficient in intermittent fevers,
HOSTETTER'S BITTERS
Is irresistible. It would be safe to make a contract, under heavy penalties, that any given "Fever-and-Ague District" should be exempted from the disorder for any particular time, provided every inhabitant would take the BITTERS according to directions during the term of the contract. There has never been an instance in which this sterling invigorant and antifebrile medicine has failed to ward off the complaint, when taken duly as a protection against malaria. Hundreds of physicians have abandoned all the officinal specifics, and now prescribe this harmless vegetable tonic, and nothing else, as a preventive and cure for all the forms of chills and fever. Vigor is the thing most needful in these cases as well as in dyspepsia and nervous affections, and HOSTETTER'S BITTERS are the safest, surest, and most wholesome strengthening preparation that human skill has yet concocted.

$1800 per Year paid to Sewing Machine Agents by W. H. Hunterson, Cleveland, O. Send for particulars.

RICH AND RACY. The funniest paper published. Free for a stamp. Address Banner, Hinsdale, N. H.

AGENTS WANTED.
Very liberal terms offered to sell stationery goods and watches. HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman Street.

$23 80 PER DAY paid to Agents by BOWMAN & CO., 115 Nassau St., N. Y.

100 Photographs of Union Generals sent postpaid for 25c.; 50 Photographs of Rebel Officers for 25c.; 100 Photographs of Female Beauties for 25c.; 100 Actors for 25c. Address C. SEYMOUR, Holland, N. Y.

$1500 PER YEAR paid by SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine, or Chicago, Illinois.

$150 A MONTH! NEW BUSINESS FOR AGENTS. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

PERRY'S FAMILY OINTMENT.
The greatest medical Discovery ever offered; sells faster, and cures all cases of Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Sores, Gathered Breasts, Piles, Chilblains, Rheumatism, Corns, &c. Every body should get it. Price 5 cents. Liberal terms to Agents, Druggists, and Country Dealers. Depot, 157 Chatham Street, New York.

GOLD PENS REPAIRED,
Equal to new, by a newly-invented process for 50 cts. Inclose pen and amount by mail to LEWIS H. MARTIN, Philadelphia, Pa. P. O. Box 1564.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER, 1866.
Terms for 1867.
One Copy for One Year $4 00
An Extra Copy gratis for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $8 00.
Circulation 112,000.
The Publishers will accept a limited Number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page	$250 00
Half Page	125 00
Quarter Page	70 00

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average, eight words to a line.
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation nearly 100,000.
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Terms for 1867:
One Copy for One Year $4 00
One Copy for Three Months . . . 1 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*
THE BOUND VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:
Cloth Binding . . . . . $7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco . . . . . 10 00 "
Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.
TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

The Great American Tea Company.

Always a Wholesale Establishment.

We have many inquiries (10 to 20 letters a day) asking what discount we make to the Trade from our prices as published in the Price List. These are our *lowest wholesale prices.* We consider ourselves only a Wholesale Corporation, and we have but *one price.*

The way in which we came to break packages at all was, that during the high prices of Teas we furnished parties with packages as small as five pounds. Our fame spread far and wide; and parties with small means thought it very hard to be compelled to pay, elsewhere, about a *dollar* per pound more than we were selling the same goods for, simply because they could not afford to buy five pounds of us at one time. Therefore, in order to lighten these burdens, we consented to supply their wants in quantities as small as one pound at the wholesale prices.

Parties of small means wishing for goods to sell can have their orders put up in small packages to suit their trade, but we can not make any reduction in price, as our profits for the last six years have not averaged more than *two cents per pound.*

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50.

MILWAUKIE, *Nov*, 1, 1866.

To the Great American Tea Company,
31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York:

GENTLEMEN,—My last order came to hand in good condition, and gave entire satisfaction. I herewith send you another order, almost all new names, and their orders are small, in order to try the goods. I at least expect them to be regular customers monthly, but some to a larger extent. Believe me yours respectfully,

C. BRINDLEY.

4 lbs. Japan	C. Brindley	at $1 25	$5 00
4 lbs. Japan	C. Brindley	at 1 10	4 40
4 lbs. Young Hyson	C. Brindley	at 1 25	5 00
4 lbs. Young Hyson	C. Brindley	at 1 10	4 40
2 lbs. En. Breakfast	C. Brindley	at 1 20	2 40
2 lbs. En. Breakfast	C. Brindley	at 1 10	2 20
2 lbs. En. Breakfast	C. Brindley	at 1 00	2 00
1 lb. Young Hyson	Mrs. Cass	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	S. McKellips	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Gunpowder	S. McKellips	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	C. Fitzgerald	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Black	C. Fitzgerald	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Black	T. Blackwell	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Young Hyson	T. Blackwell	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	Wm. Potts	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Black	Wm. Potts	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Black	Mrs. Lee	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Young Hyson	Mrs. Lee	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	M. Gooding	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Black	M. Gooding	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	John Wilson	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	J. Dahll	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Black	J. Dahll	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Black	J. Knowlton	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Young Hyson	J. Knowlton	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Young Hyson	J. D. Coolidge	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Black	J. D. Coolidge	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Black	James Butter	at 1 00	2 00
1 lb. Young Hyson	J. C. Snover	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Japan	Mrs. Boncher	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Black	C. Stumpy	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Young Hyson	T. J. Price	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Black	T. J. Price	at 1 00	2 00
2 lbs. Roast Coffee	C. Hoffman	at 30	60
5 lbs. Roast Coffee	G. Balzer	at 30	1 50
3 lbs. do. do., ground	T. J. Price	at 30	90
2 lbs. do. do., unground	Mrs. Lee	at 30	60
2 lbs. do. do., unground	M. Gooding	at 30	60
2 lbs. do. do., unground	T. Robinson	at 30	60
2 lbs. do. do., ground	J. Butler	at 30	60
2 lbs. do. do., unground	H. Potter	at 30	60
1 lb. do. do., unground	C. Stumpy	at 30	30
2 lbs. do. do., unground	C. Brindley	at 30	60
2 lbs. do. do., unground	C. Brindley	at 35	70
Total			$67 25

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 VESEY STREET, CORNER OF CHURCH.

Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at No. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

Parties looking for our store will please bear in mind that ours is a *large double store, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street.* This is an important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in Vesey Street.

REMEMBER THE LITTLE ONES;

THE DESTITUTE AND ORPHAN CHILDREN OF OUR *COUNTRY'S DEFENDERS.*

GRAND CHARITABLE FAIR

AND

PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

IN AID OF THE

HOME AND SCHOOL

FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF

The Destitute Children

OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

This HOME AND SCHOOL was chartered in the year 1862 for the objects above set forth. Applicants are received from all the States in the Union: its sphere of usefulness is constantly increasing the children now numbering over 120; and daily are the requests for the shelter and care of equally deserving ones *denied*, solely for want of room to accommodate them. The old and unsuitable building (on Fifty-eighth Street, New York), now occupied, must be removed for the erection of such a Home as necessity demands; and this call is made upon the public with a firm belief that the Patriotism and Generosity of the American People will nobly respond to the wants of the Little Ones, and that a suitable edifice will be erected, through the means of this Fair and Festival, which shall stand in the cause of humanity as a fitting rebuke to the trite assertion that "Republics are Ungrateful," and which shall, in affording an asylum for our Country's Children, also be an ornament among her institutions.

NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for *all* needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

Mrs. General ULYSSES S. GRANT, President.
Mrs. CHAS. P. DALY, Acting President.
Mrs. Major-Gen. J. C. FREMONT, 1st Vice-President.
Mrs. ROBERT FORSTER, 2d Vice-President.
Mrs. JOHN S. VOORHIES, Treasurer.
Mrs. DAVID HOYT, Secretary.
Mrs. WM. S. HILLYER, Corresponding Secretary.
Mrs. HERVEY G. LAW, Manager.
Mrs. J. J. VAN DALSEM, Manager.
Mrs. W. GERMOND.
Mrs. JAMES GILLIES.
Mrs. C. MAILLER.
Mrs. WM. MAILLER.
Mrs. HENRY BATJER.

NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

Major-General VAN VLIET.
Major-General FRANCIS C. BARLOW.
Brigadier-General JOHN COCHRANE.
Brigadier-General WILLIAM HALL.
Brigadier-General RUSH C. HAWKINS.
Brevet Brigadier-General JAMES F. HALL.
Judge Chas. P. Daly, Ch'n of Committee.
JNO. H. WHITE.
G. P. B. HOYT.
J. H. PULESTON.

The following card will be fully appreciated by the public, as it receives the thanks of the Institution:

"To the Managing Directors of the Festival:—Sympathizing with your object, I take pleasure in tendering you, gratuitously, my professional services on the occasion of your Festival. THEODORE THOMAS."

The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

TO BE HELD AT

COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK,

Saturday Evening, December 22,

Under the Musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq., on which occasion a Committee will be chosen by the audience to award

$100,000 in Presents

In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

200,000 Tickets at One Dollar each, and 200,000 Presents, being one to each Ticket-holder.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED.

1	*Present in United States Greenbacks*	$10,000
1	Splendid Country Residence in Westchester County, near New York City	12,000
1	corner House and Lot, Jamaica Avenue, East New York	4,000
1	House and Lot adjoining above	3,000
1	House and Lot in Brooklyn, N. Y.	3,000
1	Carriage, Horses, and Harness (complete)	2,500
1	Grand Piano (Steinway's)	1,500
3	Lots in Harlem, City of New York, $1500 each	4,500
1	Set of Diamonds (Ring, Ear-Rings, and Pin)	1,000
1	Paid up Policy of Life Insurance for	5,000
1	"Ellis's Patent Hot-Water Apparatus" for Heating Dwellings	1,000
1	Oil Painting of General U. S. Grant	250
15	Gents' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $200	3,000
15	Ladies' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $125	1,875
1	Elegant 1st Premium "Empire" Sewing Machine	150
20	Silver-plated Tea Sets, @ $75	1,500
100	Celebrated "Empire" Sewing Machines, now on exhibition at their Warerooms, 616 Broadway	7,500
1000	Copies (2 vols each), being a complete Illustrated History of the War	7,000
250	Gold Pens, Pencils, and Sleeve Buttons, @ $6	1,500
500	Table and Tea Spoons and Napkin Rings, @ $5	2,500
1000	Call Bells and Plated Fruit Knives, @ $3	3,000
	The balance to consist of the following articles, viz.: Sets of Cooper's, Lossing's, Bancroft's, and Irving's Works, and those of other Eminent Authors; Musical Instruments, Parlor and Office Furniture, Writing Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Music Boxes, Kid Gloves, Photograph Albums, Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gents' Fob Chains, Ladies' Gold Watch Chains, Opera Glasses, Black Walnut Picture Frames, Gentlemens' Fashionable Silk Hats, Ladies' Newest Style Dress Hats, American Emblem Cards for Parlor Amusement, Engravings and Card Photographs of Distinguished Personages, Ladies' and Gents' Riding-Whips, Buffalo Robes, Ladies' Mink Furs, Gents' Fur Collars and Gloves, &c., &c., amounting to	24,225
	Making in the aggregate 200,000 Presents, Valued at	$100,000

THEODORE THOMAS, ESQ.,

The talented Musical Director, promises a most delightful treat in the Orchestral and Vocal Exercises for the occasion, no less than forty performers being already engaged, and nothing will be spared to make this the finest Musical Festival ever given in the United States.

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

The tickets will be supplied to all Booksellers, Druggists, Music Dealers, Hotel Keepers, &c., where they can be obtained at $1 00 each, or in quantities at the Club Rates.—Subscription Lists are now ready for Soldiers and others (male and female) who sympathize with our object, to obtain orders for the Tickets. Circulars giving full directions and terms to Agents will be mailed on recept of stamp for postage.

Orders may be sent direct to us inclosing the money, from $1 to $25, in a *registered letter at our risk*, with stamp for return postage. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following

CLUB RATES:

5 Tickets to one address	$4 50	40 Tickets to one address	$35 00
10 Tickets to one address	9 00	50 Tickets to one address	43 50
20 Tickets to one address	17 50	100 Tickets to one address	85 00
30 Tickets to one address	26 25		

Address all orders and communications to

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, or to
N. H. DAVIS, Agent for the Home and School,
616 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

Contributions and Donations for the Fair will be received and gratefully acknowledged at our office, 646 Broadway.

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, 616 Broadway, New York.

The Great Portrait

OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Messrs. TICKNOR & FIELDS have just published Mr. WM. E. MARSHALL's line-engraved portrait of Abraham Lincoln.

This portrait is the largest head ever engraved in this manner, and is by far the best engraving ever executed in America. It has been made the subject of the strongest commendations from all who knew Mr. Lincoln best. Among those who have pronounced it

Unrivaled as a Likeness,

MAY BE NAMED:

SENATOR SUMNER,
VICE-PRESIDENT HAMLIN,
SECRETARY STANTON,
CHIEF-JUSTICE CHASE,
GENERAL GRANT,
GEORGE BANCROFT,
W. C. BRYANT,
W. H. HERNDON (Mr. Lincoln's law partner 20 yrs.).
SENATOR TRUMBULL,
SPEAKER COLFAX,
ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

This engraving will be sold only by subscription. Agents wanted for its sale every where, to whom liberal terms will be given.

PRICES:

Artist's Proof (limited to 300)	$20 00
India Proof	10 00
Plain Proof	5 00

For the New England States, address
TICKNOR & FIELDS, 124 Tremont St., Boston.

For New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, District of Columbia, Ohio, and Michigan, address
TICKNOR & FIELDS, 63 Bleecker St., N. Y.

For Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, address
JOHN H. AMMON, 111 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

[*From Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation having for its basis the inside bark of white pine might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in the diseases alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

"As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled."—*Boston Journal.*

This great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become so well known. It cures sore throat, coughs, diphtheria, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and pulmonary affections generally. It is a remedy for diabetes, bleeding from the kidneys and bladder, and gravel; and for piles and scurvy it will be found valuable.

Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

GEO. W. SWETT, M.D., Proprietor,
Boston, Mass.

H. SCOVILLE, Chicago, Ill.,
FARRAND, SHELEY & CO., Detroit, Mich.,
General Agents for the West.

MANUFACTURER'S NOTICE.

The greatest inducements ever offered to the public. Calkins & Co.'s great Cosmopolitan Association have the pleasure to announce to our old patrons and the public generally that we have again opened our Grand Enterprise with a large, new, and select stock, consisting of pianos, melodeons, sewing machines, watches, diamonds, jewelry of all kinds and of the latest styles, silverware, albums, &c., under entirely new managers, who pledge themselves to give entire satisfaction to all customers, and guarantee a prize in every instance. All this splendid stock of goods will be disposed of at an average price of $2 00 (two dollars) each, without retard to value, and *not to be paid for until you know what you will receive.* We warrant all our jewelry gold. All we ask is a fair trial. Send 25 cents for Golden Envelope, which will entitle you to one of the numerous articles named in our catalogue. We have NO BLANKS. We will send for

25c., 1 certificate.
50c., 2 certificates, with a beautiful Card Photograph.
$1 00, 5 certificates, with a Butter-Knife.
$1 50, 8 certificates, with a Mustard-Spoon.
$2 00, 12 certificates, with a Napkin-Ring.
$3 00, 18 certificates, with a pair of Salt-Spoons.
$4 50, 25 certificates, with an Extension-Case and Gold Pen.
$5 00, 30 certificates, with a set of Teaspoons.
$8 00, 45 certificates, with a Photograph Album, 50 pictures.
$10 00, 65 certificates, with a set of Forks.
$15 00, 100 certificates, with a Silver Hunting-Case Watch.
$30 00, 200 certificates, with a ladies' gold H. C. Watch.
$50 00, 400 certificates, with a gent's gold H. C. Watch.

We guarantee to send in exchange for the smallest article drawn a handsome 50-picture Photograph Album. Premiums in all cases sent with the envelopes. Agents wanted in every town. Great inducements and large profits to ladies and gents who will act as such. Send for Circulars. CALKINS & CO., 126 Nassau Street, New York.

Dr. Glover's Champion Lever Truss,
Elastic Stockings, Shoulder-Braces, &c. Send for pamphlet. 11 Ann Street, New York.

IVES' Patent LAMPS.

The Safest, most Convenient, and in every way

The Best Lamp Ever Used.

Chandeliers, Brackets, Hanging and Table Lamps can be lighted as quickly as Gas, filled and trimmed safely and neatly, all without removing the Shade, Globe, or Chimney, or unscrewing the Burner.

We deal in Kerosene Goods of all kinds and the best Refined Oil in market, and invite the attention of all buyers, both WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Circulars, with prices and testimonials, sent to all applicants.

JULIUS IVES & CO.,
No. 49 Maiden Lane, New York.
☞ Sole Agents for the Folding Pocket Lantern.